October 1902

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RUDYARD KIPLING

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Everybody's Magazine

October

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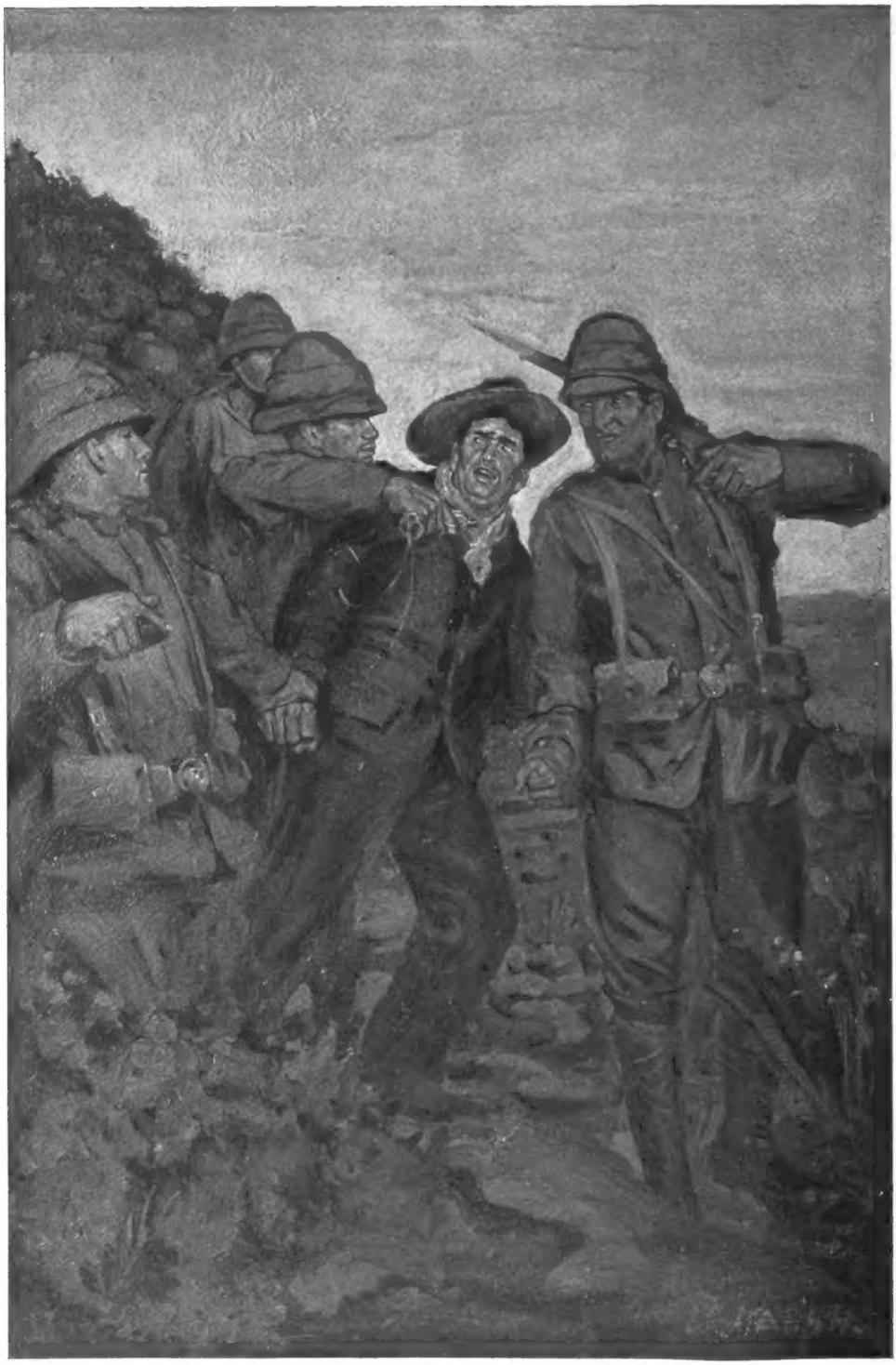

"'THERE'S ONE OR TWO OUGHT TO EAR 'IM IN ENGLAND, SAID COPPER.'

Illustrating The Comprehension of Private Copper

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL VII. OCTOBER, 1902. No. 4.

OLD STEAMBOAT DAYS ON THE MISSOURI

BY G. W. OGDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. U. WILCOX.

STEAMBOATING on the Missouri was the outgrowth of successful navigation, by means of steam craft, of the Mississippi, the first river in the West upon which a steamboat plied. Nicholas J. Roosevelt, great-uncle of President Roosevelt, was captain and part owner of the first steam vessel on the Father of Waters. His boat, the *New Orleans*, found her way down the Ohio from Pittsburg, where she was built, to Cincinnati and Louisville, then, in the Autumn of 1811, on by way of the Mississippi to the city from which she had taken her name.

The *New Orleans* was a clumsy vessel, one hundred and sixteen feet long, twenty feet beam and of four hundred tons burden. She had one boiler and a single cylinder and could make eight miles an hour against the current. There were cabins for officers and passengers. It was a honeymoon adventure for the captain who had been married but a few weeks when the voyage began.

On board, besides the newly wedded twain, were Mrs. Roosevelt's maid, a negro woman cook, the engineer, pilot, first and second mates, stokers and crew. The voyage was a pleasant trip until the Mississippi River was entered. Early in the morning the boat steamed into the broad bosom of the Father of Waters and held a steady, rapid course down stream all day. In the evening the *New Orleans* fell in with a number of flatboats which, owing to the hostility of the Indians inhabiting the region, were traveling together. Some distance above New Madrid, on the west shore of the river, is what is now the State of Missouri. Three of the barges and the steamer laid up to the bank to spend the night. Great forests stood in black walls on either side shutting out the silent land. Though early in December, it was warm and the bargemen slept under blankets on the decks of their boats.

About midnight the air became hot and oppressive, seemingly charged with the fumes of burning sulphur. Men choked in their sleep and sat up suddenly, tearing at their throats. The wild fowl in the cane beside the river and the flocks of geese, ducks and swans resting in the eddies along the shore, uttered shrill screams and hoarse cries; wild beasts crashed through the thickets; the wind was silent and lightning gleamed in the mist-hung sky; in the southwest there was a rosy glow on the clouds like the fire of a fever-plagued cheek. Men kindled fires on the barges and stood in the light of them gasping for breath. A strange chilling, tremulous, shrill-pitched sigh sounded in the northwest, grew in volume to an awful shriek, passed on into the southeast and died in a moan. The bargemen fell upon their knees, hands pressed to their ears and prayed. Then came a quick, nervous quaking of the earth. When that had passed, the fearful wail sounded again in the dark places of the grim forest, shrill, wild, but tuneful, as though a monster hand were sweeping the treble strings of a tremendous harp.

Some of the boatmen leaped from the barges into the river; others darted into the forest and fled from the invisible musician whose melodies made the earth tremble. The wild fowl arose in clouds, voicing their

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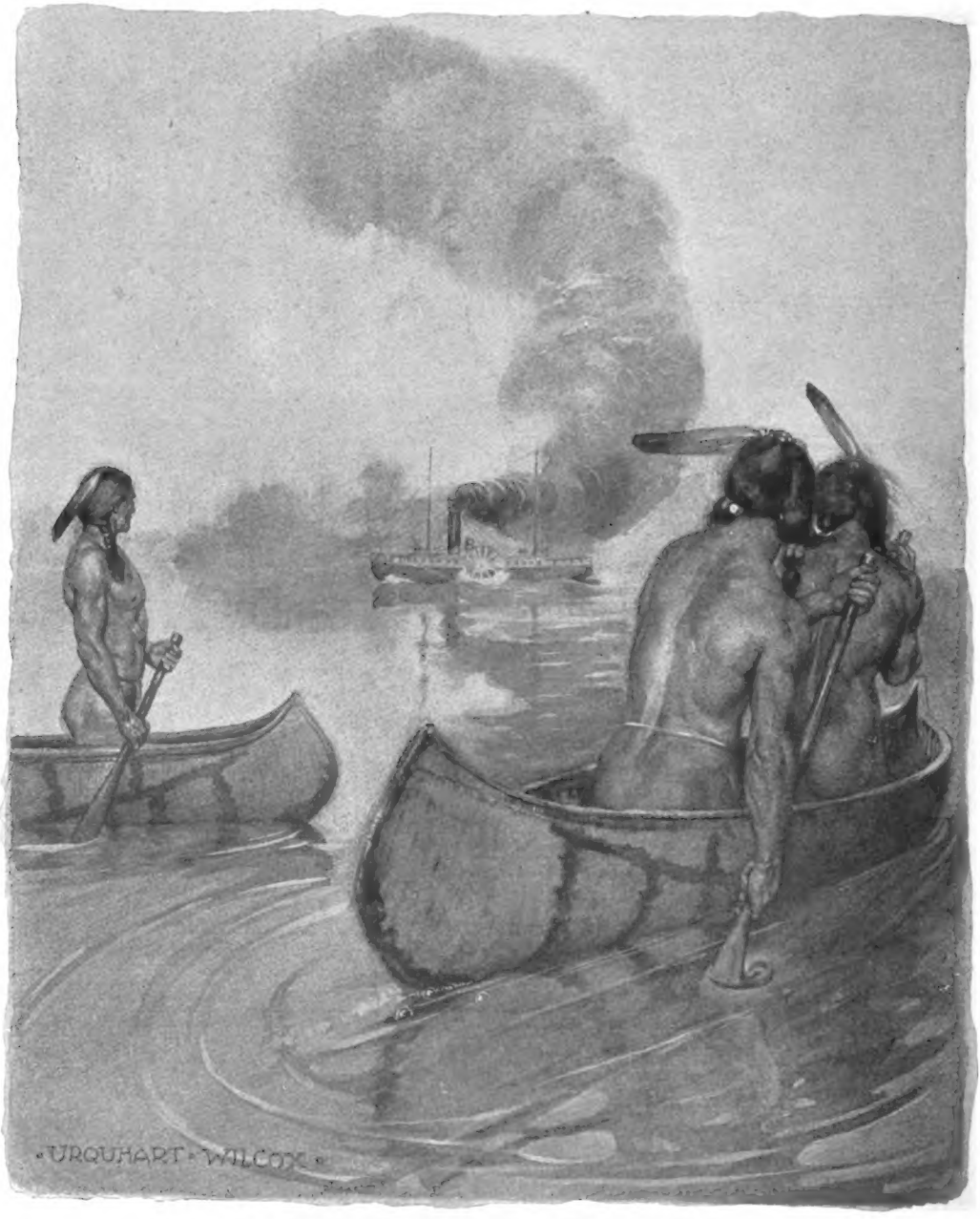
fright in confused cries and the skies were cleft by fierce lightning bolts. Then came a roar as of the combined thunders of all the worlds and the earth heaved, rocked, and swayed. The sulphurous mantle grew thicker; great waves dashed against the river's banks, loosening hundreds of tons of earth which fell on the barges, burying them and their occupants forever; great chasms opened in the ground and forests dropped into them, the trees waving their long black arms appealingly to the stern sky; as they went down with the eye of the lightning gleaming on their burial, the fissures closed



THE "NEW ORLEANS" ON HER FIRST TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

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again, expelling jets of water which had rushed in from the river, far above the tree tops; and the Mississippi, great, strong, irresistible, which had held its way for a million years, was itself stopped, held for a moment and then hurled backward, waters upon waters towards its source.

Such was the great earthquake of 1811.

The *New Orleans* broke from her moorings and swung into the stream. The Captain, his terrified wife and her maid rushed from their cabin to the deck. A mighty wave swept up the river, a tidal wall forced back by the changed level of the stream's bed; it caught the three figures on the deck and bore them away. The river was rushing toward the north, laden with a horrid burden of uprooted trees and snags, buried for half a century in its channel, which had been released by the earthquake. Roosevelt, his bride in his arms, managed to catch the roots of a great oak as it was whirled along and hung there until daylight. When morning broke not a craft was visible on the face of that great stretch of turbid water. Gradually the current ceased its terrific race and stood still, the flood spreading as far as the eye could reach into the forests. Soon it had risen above the obstruction in the channel and the flow set in southward once again. But the *New Orleans* had not perished, strange to say; she had ridden out the terrific disturbance without damage to machinery or hull. The officers and engineer got up steam and cruised about looking for the lost master and his wife. Miles up the river they found them, chilled almost to unconsciousness, but clinging desperately to their oaken ark.

The released flood roared down the river's track toward the gulf with a fearful rush. Then came a battle for life. The paddle-wheels were set revolving backward to stay the dangerous speed, but after several hours of fierce fighting, the current began to subside and then resumed its normal course so that the daring pioneers completed their voyage to the city of New Orleans without further adventure.

The steamer did a profitable freight and passenger business on the lower Mississippi for three years until in 1814 a snag in the river bed near Baton Rouge tore a hole in her bottom and she sank.

Each Spring, for decades, the great fur companies of the Northwest had floated their fur-laden barges down the Missouri to St. Louis and returned them in Summer laden with supples. These unwieldy craft were slowly and painfully poled from 2,000 to 2,500 miles up the stubborn current. The first voyage, of the *Independence*, in 1814, from Louisville to a point opposite the present city of Booneville up the Missouri, was the dawn of a new era in this region. After the purchase of the Louisiana territory, agriculturalists invaded the rich valleys along this great waterway and out of the wilderness cities grew up on its shores. By 1830 steam-boating was an important industry on the Missouri. Half a hundred towns of several thousand inhabitants each exchanged for groceries, clothing and liquor the stores of grains, cattle and wood gathered from the surrounding country. One hundred steamers of various sizes were constantly engaged during the open season, which lasted from the latter part of March to the first of December.

From the first, pilots and steamboat owners found the Missouri a peculiarly contrary stream to navigate. Its bends were full of hidden rocks and snags; in its long, broad reaches bars suddenly formed. Its eccentric channel might hug the north bank one week and apparently without reason it would be found, the next week, on the other side. Consequently Missouri River craft evolved characteristics of their own. After the use of double boilers and engines became common, about 1830, these vessels were trim and graceful of build, swift and commodious. While many of them had the length and beam of ocean-going vessels, their hold capacity, because of the shallow places of the river, was comparatively small. A boat two hundred and twenty-five feet long and thirty feet beam with a draught of seven feet would have a capacity of only 1,000 tons. They were sharp of prow, painted a dazzling white and ornamented with scroll work about cabins and decks. Many were capable of making ten miles an hour against the current.

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Not even the most luxurious of the modern "limited expresses" offered so easy and delightful a mode of travel as these superb river craft. The cabins were richly carpeted and provided with fine furniture; expensive paintings hung on the walls; staterooms opened on the deck and long awning-covered promenades stretched from stem to stern. At meal times a band discoursed music in the dining hall. A voyage to New Orleans was a dreamy, restful experience. At night, with lights gleaming from cabin windows, the troubled wake of the vessel touched with the broken silver of the moon; soft music throbbing a waltz, the spice of cottonwood leaf and the incense of cedar borne from the dim shores—it left a memory the years of screaming, dust-rolling, cinder-throwing railroad trains can never obliterate.

Considering the extraordinary difficulties of navigation it is not astonishing that the pilot's rôle became of the first importance. Realizing this advantage and that none could be found to fill their places save such as they themselves might teach, the pilots of the Missouri River formed a union, the "Pilots Protective Association," which limited the number of apprentices and thus eliminating all competition, was able to maintain an excessive wage scale. Ten thousand, even fifteen thousand dollars was not unusual compensation for a pilot for his eight to nine months' service. One hundred dollars a day was about as little as the self-respecting pilot cared to accept. Steamboat owners complained that they gave their pilots all the profits and were obliged to accept whatever these princely individuals were generous enough to allow. Such complaints, however, were not well grounded, for as much as $50,000 was often cleared in a single run. It was not uncommon for a new boat to pay for herself on the first trip.

"The pilots were the great matrimonial catches of the territory."

The pilots had to know absolutely the river, from the farthest navigable point to its mouth. They were men of extraordinary memory. The location of every snag in the channel, every rock on the shore, every tree growing on the river banks and every settler's cabin from Omaha to the mouth of the river was familiar to them. By the echo from the hills and forests of the whistle and exhaust from the cylinders they could tell at night the location of the steamer. Of this extraordinary intimacy with the sights and sounds of the region they traversed many curious stories are told.

An old pilot who had followed the river for years was at the wheel of a big steamer one night when the fog hung so thick he could scarcely see the lantern on the prow ahead of him. For once he had lost his bearings. Seriously disturbed, he signalled for half-speed and sounded the whistle. The noise boomed away into the night but there came no answering echo. Again and again he pulled the cord. A dog barked faintly to the right. The pilot cocked his ears. Again the bark was heard. A moment the pilot cogitated, then grasped the wheel and steered the vessel to the left, smiling as he murmured:

"That was a close rub from that nest of snags in front of old Jim Potter's cabin."

The next instant the boat had grounded on a bar.

The captain of the vessel became abusive. "You ought to know the river by

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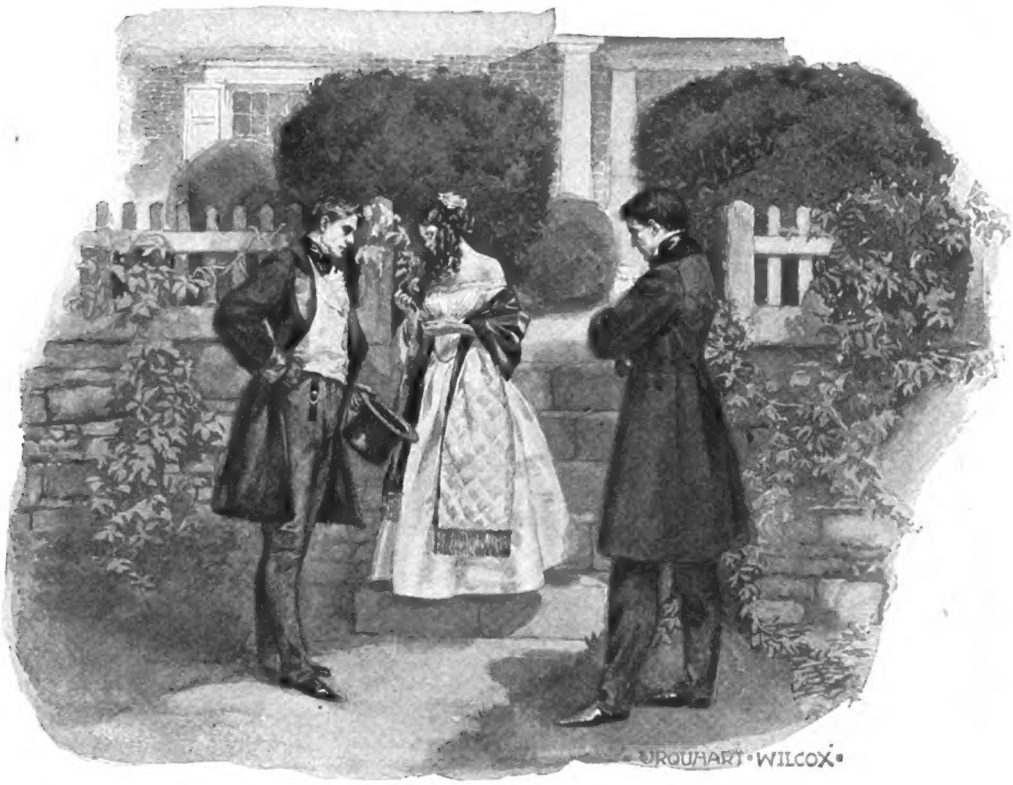

"'I will marry the one who lands first.'"

this time," he snarled. "You've chucked us on a bar that's been here for twenty years."

"Bet you a thousand dollars it ain't been here ten days," said the pilot, pulling out a wad of bills.

The captain stared at him, then walked to the rail and peered into the fog toward the shore.

"Take you up," he answered curtly.

The crew set to work to warp the steamer off. It was after daylight before the pilot's services were again needed at the wheel. When he looked about him the fog had cleared. The captain was right—it was an old bar that had been there as long as he could remember. The old pilot swore vividly.

"Dang that dog of Jim Potter's," he murmured, as he signalled full steam ahead; "he must 'a'been down here after a 'possum."

Jim Potter's cabin was two miles farther up the river.

Another pilot, while at the wheel one day, sighted the body of a woman bobbing up and down in the river. A plaid shawl was pinned around her shoulders. The floater was taken aboard the steamer. No one recognized the corpse, but afterwards the pilot examined the shawl.

"That woman lived in the little blue box house, mile and a half below St. Joe," he said.

"What's her name?" asked someone.

"Don't know her name," he replied. "All I know's the shawl. I've seen it hanging up for a window curtain in that there little blue box house for the last five years." And he was right.

The pilots were the dandies of the river towns. They wore fine ruffled shirts, tight fitting boots, long, black coats and plug hats. Every river boy hoped some day to become a pilot. Even the young planters and merchants emulated their costumes and the belles of the river cities set their caps for them. The pilots were the great matrimonial catches of the territory. When the inhabitants of the country for miles round a landing place would travel to the river

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"The pilot pointed to the safety valve, . . . 'Tie it down,' he said."

on Sundays to see the steamboat, the pilot, conscious of the important position accorded him in society by the backwoods people, would swagger up and down the hurricane deck, a glorious figure, hat tilted, smoking a great cigar and fitting his fingers into his magenta kid gloves. Magenta was the pilot's color in gloves. It was the badge of his calling.

Despite the union which guarded the pilots' interests there was great rivalry among them for speed records, for notoriety or fame in dress, and in one particular instance for a woman's hand.

From 1836 to 1846 no finer nor swifter boats than the *Ione* and the *Haidee* ran on the Missouri. They plied between Lexington on the west and St. Louis on the east. The pilots of these two vessels, men of even more polish, education and refinement than were ordinarily found in that station, were paying court to the daughter of a merchant in Lexington. The young woman could not decide between them and the case promised to end in a duel. To avert this the girl wrote to her suitors urgently requesting them to call at a certain hour. They arrived at the same moment and she met them at the door.

"You both leave for St. Louis to-night," she said, "and as I don't seem able to make up my mind which of you I like best, I have decided to settle it as fortune or skill shall rule. Now I'll be on the wharf when your boats are due next Saturday and will marry the one who lands first."

The boats belonged to opposition companies. The *Haidee* had for several years held the contract for carrying the United States mail between Lexington and St. Louis. The owners of the *Ione* wanted it and were anxious to establish a new record between St. Louis and Lexington, for such records were the most weighty arguments in securing a mail contract. The captain and pilot of the *Ione* had orders to beat the best time of the *Haidee* before the mail contracts were relet, or else look for positions on another boat.

"We'll beat her this trip," said the pilot to his captain, as the vessel swung out into the muddy current, full of little whirlpools and ebullitions.

And they did, for on the run to St. Louis the *Ione* excelled the *Haidee*'s best time by three hours. But on the return trip the *Haidee* got out of St. Louis two hours ahead of the *Ione*, the *Ione* being delayed through a mishap to her cargo. The pilot was frantic.

"Oh, it don't matter if she does beat us in," the captain reassured him, "all we've got to do is knock her record."

"But we must beat her to the *wharf*," shouted the pilot, looking up the river and shaking his fist. "If we don't, I lose a wife."

He explained briefly the situation to the sympathetic commander. A line of negro roustabouts, stripped to the waist was running like an endless chain from hold to wharf where a great heap of sacks, barrels and boxes still remained to be taken aboard.

The captain rushed to the side.

"Clear away the gang plank!" he ordered. "Cast off the lines!"

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The owner of the merchandise protested. But the captain was inflexible. "Not another box goes aboard if this is the last voyage I ever make. Cast off the lines at the stern there! Tumble aboard, you mules," he yelled to the deck hands, giving the pilot the signal to go. The great wheels churned the sullen water, the boat turned slowly from the wharf and headed toward the mouth of the Missouri, which her rival was at that moment entering. At midnight, on a long stretch of straight river, the pilot of the *Ione* saw the *Haidee's* lights ten miles ahead. The next afternoon the *Haidee* stopped to take wood and the *Ione* passed her.

Fifty miles from Lexington the boats were less than a mile apart, the *Ione* leading. Her pilot was beginning to hope. For ten miles he kept the short reach of river between the boats then the *Haidee* began to gain. The *Ione's* captain came up the stairs panting with excitement.

"She's gaining on us and our wood's gone," he said.

The pilot looked back over his shoulder at his rival. She was cutting the yellow water into two white ribbons and from her smoke stacks long rolls of dense black smoke stretched out behind like a racing schoolgirl's braids of hair.

"She's burning coal" the pilot said.

"And our last stick of wood is in the furnace," groaned the captain.

"If we stop for wood," the pilot remarked reflectively, his eyes on the channel ahead, "we lose the race, I lose a wife, the company fails to get the contract, and you lose——"

"My job," the captain finished for him.

"What is there in the cargo that would make steam?" queried the pilot.

"Don't know; let's look," said the captain, drawing a bill of lading from his pocketbook.

The safety valve was blowing off steam and the engines were working at full speed. A crowd of passengers on the forward deck of the *Haidee* waved handkerchiefs and hats at a crowd on the after deck of the *Ione*.

"It's fun for them," said the pilot.

"Bacon!" shouted the captain; "four tons of bacon!"

"Good, that'll carry us through," the pilot shouted, and the captain bounded down the steps.

"Then the Haidee began to gain."

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"The Haidee's pilot . . . aimed a pistol at his rival's breast and fired."

"Cap!" called the pilot. He turned. The pilot pointed to the safety valve which was blowing off steam with a roar. "Tie it down," he said. Five minutes later the fiercest fire the furnace had ever known was raging beneath the boilers of the *Ione*. Two deck-hands stood before the open doors tossing side after side of bacon into the flames. The safety valve was bound down with a rope, yet the *Haidee* still gained. An hour later she was not six hundred yards behind. From that point to within a mile of Lexington the channel was too narrow to allow two boats abreast, but the *Haidee* crept up to within fifty yards of her rival's stern. When they struck the broad channel she forged ahead and steamed prow and prow with the *Ione* toward the wharf.

In Lexington they saw the smoke of the

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approaching steamers far down the river. The whole town knew a race was on and crowded the wharf to see the finish.

"If I beat him a hundred feet the race is mine," said the pilot of the *Ione*. Then he saw that his rival was on the side nearest the wharf. It was very near the landing place, so near that the *Haidee's* pilot signalled half-speed. The *Ione's* pilot heard it, reached for his signal cord, drew back his hand and turned his wheel, throwing the *Ione* squarely across the *Haidee's* path. On the wharf the girl stood with blanched face beside a post. The pilot drew a long breath, he had gained his point and would make the landing first. The crowd, well versed in steamboat manœuvres, saw the bold trick and cheered. The *Ione* swung round and prepared to dock. Men stood by fore and aft with lines ready to cast; the pilot was signalling the engineer and whirling his wheel now forward, now backward. The *Haidee's* pilot opened the window of his cabin, aimed a pistol at his rival's breast and fired. The pilot of the *Ione* sank beside the wheel with a bullet in his heart. The steamer crashed against the wharf. The woman who had caused the tragedy swooned backward into the river right under the great paddle-wheel, and was never seen again.

The *Haidee's* pilot brought his vessel to the wharf and surrendered. At his trial his defence was that the *Ione's* pilot deliberately attempted to ram the *Haidee* under a full head of steam and that he had warned him by shouting. He was convicted, however, and sentenced to death. He killed himself in prison.

Ever since the first vessel ascended the Missouri this vagrant river has been the graveyard of men's hopes and fortunes. Almost three hundred steamers, according to authentic Government records, have been wrecked in its muddy flood. It is unlike any other river in the world. There is nothing beautiful, romantic, poetic or inspiring about it. It comes in melancholy windings down from the great bleak, rock-bound country of the northwest, dark, frowning, stolid, treacherous, like its children the Sioux. The bodies of a thousand human beings lost in the disasters of half a century lie many feet below its unstable sands. Cruel snags slant perversely up stream to wound passing boats; great rocks lie sullenly at its bottom; veiled by the dark waters strong whirlpools and undercurrents drag the strongest swimmers down to death.

Its low, white banks are flanked by stagnant pools and sloughs overgrown with rushes and willows. In Summer these pools vapor miasma. So uncertain is this river that men do not till the soil, on an average, nearer than a mile from its brink. At high water it often cuts across a bend and carries away houses and crops, boring for itself a new channel and leaving its old bed to become an empire of frogs, catfish and mosquitoes. Save that the forests have vanished, the Missouri today shows little, if any, further signs of civilization along its banks than when the big steamers navigated it forty years ago.

It bred a tribe of hard men, of a type the river never knew before and lacks now that they are gone.

The last great commercial steamer to navigate the Missouri river lies on a "low head" bar at what was once the landing of a town made prosperous by the river trade. She was the last to fall in the great commercial battle between the steamboats and the railroads. One Autumn evening twenty years ago, this survivor sneaked up in a lame, disheartened and silent manner to the landing; the fire was pulled from the boiler and the steam went down. The last hiss of escaping vapor was the dying gasp of one of the greatest industries that ever flourished in the West. The lines were cast about the anchorages, the pilot climbed down from his glass-walled cabin above the *Texas*, the captain locked the stateroom doors and the crew went off to find employment elsewhere, living as laborers on the railroads which had come into the country and robbed them of their occupation.

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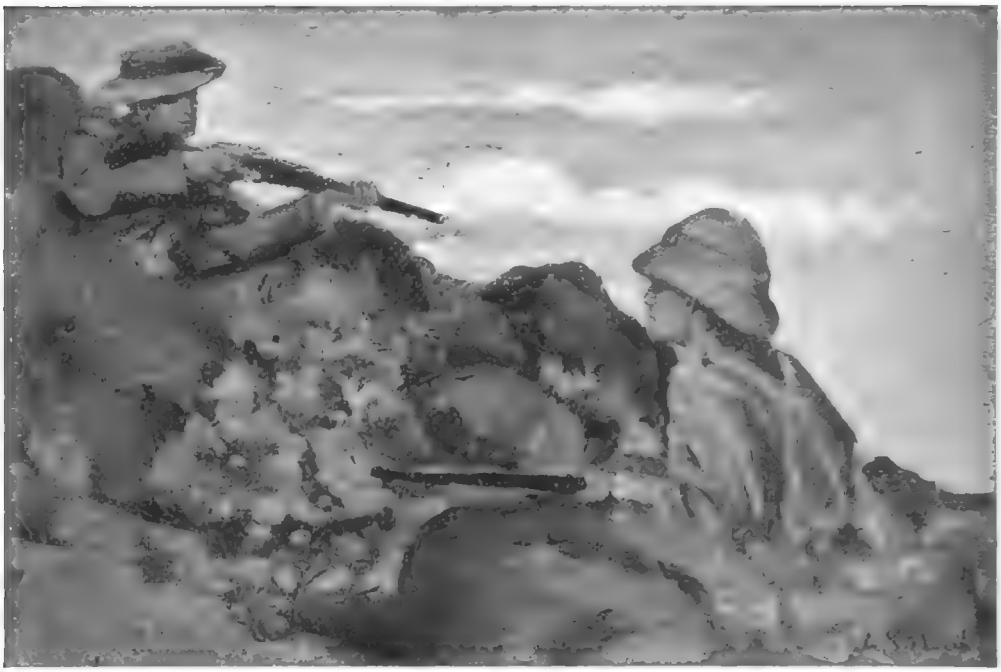
" 'GOOD EVENING, KHAKI. PLEASE DONT MOVE.' "



THE COMPREHENSION OF PRIVATE COPPER.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Illustrated by Lester Ralph.

PRIVATE Copper's father was a Southdown shepherd and in early youth Copper had studied under him. Five years' Army service had somewhat blunted Copper's pastoral instincts, but it occurred to him as a memory of the chalk that sheep, or in this case buck, do not move towards one across turf or, in this case, the Colesberg kopjes unless a stranger or, in this case an enemy, is in the neighborhood. Copper, helmet back first, advanced with caution, leaving his mates of the picket half a mile behind. The picket, concerned for its evening meal, did not protest. A year ago it would have been an officer's command, moving in accordance with many regulations. To-day it paid casual allegiance to a Canadian, nominally a sergeant, actually a trooper of Irregular Horse, discovered convalescent in Nauwport Hospital and forthwith employed on odd jobs. Private Copper crawled up to the side of a bluish rock-strewn hill thinly fringed with brush atop and, remembering how he had peered at Sussex conies through the edge of furze-clumps, cautiously parted the dry stems before his face. At the foot of the long slope sat three Boers smoking. To his natural lust for tobacco was added personal wrath because spiky plants were pricking his belly, and Private Copper slid the backsight up to fifteen hundred yards.

"Good evening, Khaki. Please don't move," said a voice on his left, and as he jerked his head round he saw entirely down the barrel of a well-kept Lee-Metford that protruded from a ridiculously insignificant tuft of thorn. Very few images have moved less than did Private Copper through the next ten seconds.

"It's nearer seventeen hundred than fifteen," said a young man in an obviously ready-made suit of grey tweeds, possessing himself of Private Copper's rifle. "Thank

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you. We've got a post of thirty-seven men out yonder. You've eleven—eh! We don't want to kill 'em. We've no quarrel with poor uneducated Khakis and we don't want prisoners we don't keep. It's demoralizing to both sides—eh?"

Private Copper did not feel called upon to lay down the conduct of guerilla warfare. This dark-skinned, dark-haired and dark-eyed stranger was his first intimate enemy. He spoke, allowing for a sing-song cadence that recalled to Copper vague memories of Umballa, in precisely the same offensive accent that the young squire of Wilmington had used fifteen years ago when he caught and kicked Alf Copper, a rabbit in his pocket, out of the ditches by Cuckmere. He looked Copper up and down, folded and re-pocketed a copy of an English weekly which he had been reading and said: "You seem an inarticulate sort of animal—like the rest of 'em—eh?"

"You," said Copper, thinking, somehow, of the crushing answers he had never given to the young squire, "are a renegid. Why, you ain't Dutch. You're English, same as me."

"*No*, Tommy. If you can't talk civilly to a gentleman I'll blow your head off."

Copper cringed, and the action overbalanced him so that he rolled some six or eight feet down hill, and under the lee of a rough rock. His brain was working with a swiftness and clarity strange to all his experience of Alf Copper. While he rolled he spoke, and the voice from his own jaws amazed him: "If you did, 'twouldn't make you any less of a renegid." As a subtle afterthought he added: "I've sprained my ankle."

The young man was at his side in a flash. Copper made no motion to rise but, cross-legged under the rock, grunted: "'Ow much did old Kruger pay you for this? What was you wanted for at 'ome? Where did you desert from?"

"Khaki," said the young man, sitting down in his turn, "you're a shade better than your mates. You didn't make much more noise than a yoke of oxen when you tried to come up this hill, but you're an ignorant diseased beast like the rest of your people. When you were at the Ragged School did they teach you any history, Tommy—'istory, I mean?"

"Don't need no schoolin' to know a renegid," said Copper. He had made three yards down the hill—out of sight, unless they could see through rocks, of the enemy's smoking party.

The young man laughed; folded away the newspaper and tossed the soldier a black sweating stick of "True Affection." These things happened in the spring of 1901 and Private Copper had not smoked for three weeks.

"*You* don't get this—eh?" said the young man. "*We* do. We take it from the trains as we want it. You can keep the cake—you poor Tommy." Copper rammed the good stuff into his long cold pipe and puffed luxuriously. Two years ago the sister of gunner-guard De Souza, East India Railway, had, at a dance given by the sergeants to the Allahabad Railway Volunteers, informed Copper that she could not think of waltzing with "a poo-ah Tommee." Private Copper wondered why that memory should have returned at this hour.

"I'm going to waste a little trouble on you before I kick you and send you back to your picket quite naked. Then you can say how you were overpowered by twenty of us and fired off your last round—like the men we picked up at the drift playing cards at Stryden's farm. What's your name?"

Private Copper thought for a moment of a far-away housemaid who might still, if the local policeman had not gone too far, be interested in his fate. On the other hand, he was, by temperament, economical of the truth. "Pennycuik," he said, "John Pennycuik."

"Thank you. Well, Mr. John Pennycuik, I'm going to teach you a little 'istory, as you'd call it—eh?"

"D—n!" said Copper, stuffing his left hand in his mouth. "So long since I've smoked I've burned my 'and—an' the pipe's dropped too. No objection to my movin' down to fetch it, is there—Sir?"

"I've got you covered," said the young man, graciously, and Private Copper, hopping on one leg, because of his sprain, recovered the pipe yet another three yards down hill and squatted under another rock slightly larger than the first. A roundish boulder made a pleasant rest for his captor, who sat crossed-legged once more, facing Copper, his rifle across his knee, his hand on the trigger guard.

"Well, Mr. Pennycuik, as I was going to tell you. A little after you were born in your English workhouse, your kind, honor-

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able, brave country England sent an English gentleman who could not tell a lie, to say that so long as the sun rose and the rivers ran in their courses the Transvaal would belong to England. Did you ever hear that, Khaki—eh?"

"Oh, no, Sir," said Copper. This sentence about the sun and the rivers happened to be a very aged jest of McBride, the professional humorist of D. Company, when they discussed the probable length of the war. Copper had thrown beef-tins at McBride in the grey dawn of many weary camps for intoning it.

"*Of* course you would not. Now, man, I tell you, listen. Because of that little promise, my father, he moved into the Transvaal and bought a farm—a little place of twenty or thirty thousand acres, don't you know."

The tone, in spite of the sing-song cadence fighting with the labored parody of the English drawl, was unbearably like the young Wilmington squire's, and Copper found himself saying: "I ought too. I've 'elped burn some."

"Yes, you'll pay for that later. *And* he opened a store."

"Ho! Shopkeeper, was he?"

"The kind you call 'Sir' and sweep the floor for, Pennycuik. . . . You see, in those days one used to believe in the British Government. My father did. *Then* the Transvaal wiped the earth with the English. Beat 'em six times running. You know *that*—eh?"

"That's what we've come 'ere for."

"*But* my father (he knows better now) kept on believing in the English. I suppose it was the pretty talk about rivers and suns that cheated him—eh? Anyhow, he believed in his own country. In his own country. *So* he was a little startled when he found himself handed over to the Transvaal as a prisoner of war. That's what it came to, Tommy—a prisoner of war. You know what that is. England was too honorable and too gentlemanly to take trouble. There were no terms made for my father."

"So 'e made 'em 'imself. Useful old bird." Private Copper sliced himself another pipeful and looked out across the wrinkled sea of kopjes through which came faintly the roar of the rushing Orange River so unlike quiet Cuckmere.

The young man's face darkened. "I think I shall sjambok you myself when I've quite done with you. *No*, my father (he was a fool) made no terms for eight years—ninety-six months, and for every day of them the Transvaal made his life hell for my father and his people."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the impenitent Copper.

"Are you? You can think of it when I'm cutting the skin off your back. . . . My father lost everything—everything—down to his self-respect. You don't know what that means—eh?"

"Why?" said Copper. "I'm smokin' tobacco stole by a renegid. Why wouldn't I know?"

If it came to a flogging on that hillside there might be a chance of reprisals. Of course, he might be marched to the Boer camp in the next valley and there operated upon; but Army life teaches no man to cross a bridge till he comes to it.

"Yes, after eight years, my father cheated by your dog of a country, he found out who was the upper dog in South Africa."

"That's me," said Copper valiantly. "If it takes another 'alf century, it's me an' the likes of me."

"You? God help you! You'll be crying at a wagon-wheel in an hour. . . . Then it struck my father that he'd like to shoot the people who'd betrayed him. You—you—*you!* He told his son all about it. He told him never to trust the English. He told him to do them all the harm he could. Man, I tell you, I don't want much telling. I was born in the Transvaal—I'm a burgher. If my father didn't love the English, by heaven, man, I tell you, I hate them from the bottom of my soul."

The voice quavered and ran high. Once more, for no conceivable reason, Private Copper found his inward eye turned upon Umballa cantonments of a dry dusty afternoon when the saddle-colored son of a local hotel keeper came to the barracks to complain of a theft of fowls. He saw the dark face, the plover's-egg tinted eyeballs and the thin excited hands. Above all he remembered the passionate queerly strung words. Slowly he returned to South Africa, using the very sentence his sergeant had used to the poultry man.

"Go on with your complaint. I'm listenin'."

"Complaint! Complaint about *you*, you ox! We strip and kick your sort."

The young man rocked to and fro above

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the rifle whose muzzle thus deflected itself from the pit of Private Copper's stomach.

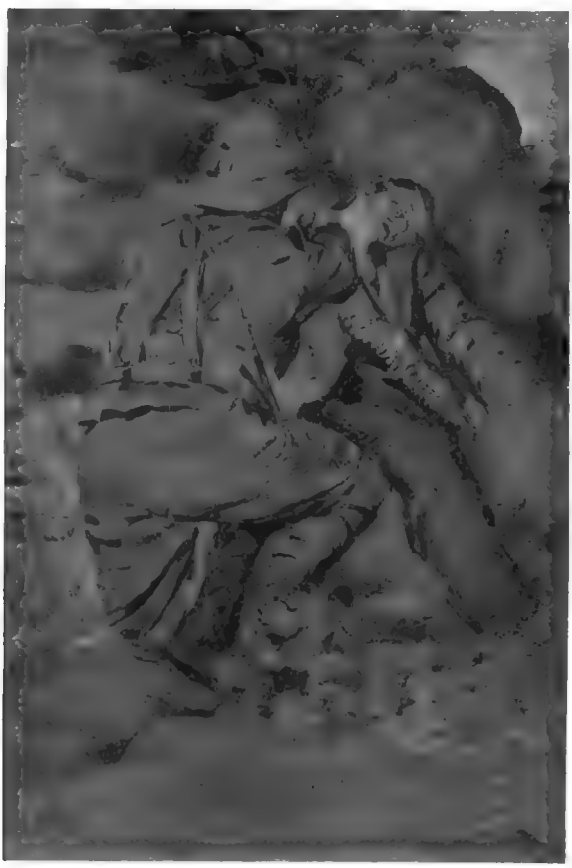
"Yes. I'm a Transvaal burgher. Ha! It took us about twenty years to find out how rotten you were. We knew—*we* knew and you know it now. Your army it is the laughing-stock of the Continent." He tapped the newspaper in his pocket. "You think you're going to win, you poor fools. Your people—your own people—your silly rotten fools of people will crawl out of it as they did after Majuba.

"They are beginning now. Look what your own working classes, the diseased, lying, drinking white stuff that you come out of are saying." He thrust the English weekly, doubled at the leading article, on Copper's knee. "See what dogs your masters are. They do not even back you in your dirty work. *We* cleared the country down to Ladysmith—to Estcourt. *We* cleared the country down to Colesberg."

"Yes. We 'ad to clean up be'ind you."

"You've had to stop farm-burning because your people daren't do it. They were afraid. You daren't kill a spy. You daren't shoot a spy when you catch him in your own uniform. You daren't touch our people in Cape Town. Your masters won't let you. You will feed our women and children till we are quite ready to take them back. You can't put your cowardly noses out of the towns you say you've occupied. You daren't move a convoy twenty miles. You think you've done something? You've done nothing, and you've taken a quarter of a million men to do it! There isn't a nigger in South Africa that doesn't obey us if we lift our finger. You pay 'em four pound a month and they lie to you. *We* flog 'em, as I shall flog you."

He clasped his hands together and leaned forward his outthrust chin within two feet of Copper's left, or pipe hand.



"'NO! NOT A SIGN OF IT THERE.'"

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"Yuss," said Copper, "it's a fair knock-out." The fist landed to a hair on the chin-point, the neck snicked like a gun-lock and the back of the head crashed on the boulder behind.

Copper grabbed up both rifles, unshipped the cross bandoliers, drew forth the English weekly, and picking up a lax hand, looked long and intently at the finger-nails.

"No! Not a sign of it there," he said. "'is nails are as clean as mine—but he talks just like 'em though. And he's a landlord too! A landed proprietor! Shockin', I call it."

The arms began to flap with returning consciousness. Private Copper rose up and whispered: "If you open your head, I'll bash it." There was no suggestion of sprain in the flung back left boot. "Now walk in front of me, both arms perpendicularly elevated. I'm only a third-class shot, so, if you don't object, I'll rest the muzzle of my rifle lightly but firmly on your collar-button; thus coverin' what I 'ave 'eard called the serviceable vertebree. If your picket sees us thus engaged, you pray —'ard."

Private and prisoner staggered downhill. No shots broke the peace of that adorable afternoon, but once the young man checked and was violently sick.

"There's a lot of things I could say to you," Copper observed, at the close of the paroxysm, "but it doesn't matter. Look 'ere, you call me 'pore Tommy' again."

The prisoner hesitated. "Oh, I ain't goin' to do anything *to* you. I'm reconnoiterin' on my own. Say 'Pore Tommy,' like a bloomin' parrot, 'alf a dozen times." The prisoner obeyed.

"*That's* what's been puzzlin' me since I 'ad the pleasure o' meeting' you," said Copper. "You're *chee-chee* — pukka-bazar chee-chee o' course. *Pro*-ceed, Antonio."

"Hullo," said the Sergeant of the picket, twenty minutes later, "Where did you get 'im?"

"On the top o' yonder craggy mounting. There's a mob of 'em sitting round their Bibles seventeen 'undred yards (you said it was seventeen 'undred?) t'other side an' I want some coffee." He sat down on the smoke-blackened stones by the fire.

"'Ow did you get 'im?" said McBride, professional humorist, quietly filching the English paper from under his armpit.

"On the chin—while 'e was waggin' it."

"What is 'e? 'Nother Colonial rebel to be 'orribly disenfranchised, or a Cape, or only a loyal farmer with dynamite in his boots. Tell us all about it, Burjer!"

"You leave 'im alone," said Private Copper. "'E's 'ad losses an' trouble an' it's in the family too. 'E thought I never read the papers so 'e kindly lent me one an' 'e explained it to me as patronisin' as a Militia subaltern doin' Railway Staff Officer. 'E's a left-over from Majuba—one of the worst kind, an' 'earin' the evidence as I did, I don't exactly reprehend 'im. It was this way."

To the picket Private Copper held forth for ten minutes on the life-history of the captive. Allowing for some purple patches, it was an absolutely fair rendering.

"But what I *did* liked was this baccy-priggin' beggar, oo's people, on 'is own showin', couldn't 'ave been more than thirty or forty years in this Gawd-forsaken dust 'eap, comin' the squire over me. They're all parsons, we know *that*, but parson *an'* Squire is a bit too thick for Alf Copper. Why, I caught 'im in the shameful act of tryin' to start—a aristocracy on a gun an' a wagon an' a *shambuk!* Yes. That's what it was—a bloomin' aristocracy."

"No, it weren't," said McBride, at length on the dirt, above the purloined weekly. "You're the aristocrat, Alf. Old *Jerrold's* givin' it you 'ot. You're the uneducated 'ireling of a cal-callous aristocracy which 'as sold itself to the 'Ebrew financeer. Meantime, Ducky," he ran his finger down a column of assorted paragraphs, "you're slakin' your brutal instincks in furious excesses Shriekin' women an' desolated 'omesteads is what you enjoy, Alf . . . Ullo! What's a 'skokin' 'ektacomb.'"

"'Ere! Let's look. 'Aven't seen a spicy paper for a year. Good old *Jerrolds!*" Pinewood and Moppett, Reservists, flung themselves on McBride's shoulders, pinning him to the ground.

"Lie over your own bloomin' side of the bed, an' we can all look," he protested.

"They're only po-ah Tommies" said Copper apologetically to the prisoner. "Po-ah uneducated Khakis. They don't know what they're fightin' for. They're lookin' for what the diseased, lying, drinkin' white stuff that they come from is sayin' about 'em!"

The prisoner set down his tin of coffee and stared helplessly round the circle.

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"I—I don't understand them."

The Canadian sergeant, picking his teeth with a thorn, nodded sympathetically:

"How could you? *We* don't in my country! . . . Say, boys, when you're through with your English mail you might's well provide an escort for your prisoner. He's waitin' on you."

"Arf a mo', Sergeant," said McBride. "'Ere's Old Barbarity on the ramp again with some of 'is lady friends, 'oo don't like concentration camps. Wish they'd visit ours. Pinewood's a married man. He'd know 'ow to be'ave!"

"Well, I ain't goin' to amuse Antonio alone. 'E's gettin' peevish," cried Copper. "One of you thieves read out what's vexin' Old Barbarity an' 'is 'arem these days. You'd better listen, Antonio, because afterwards, I'm goin' to fall out an' perpetrate nameless barbarities on you for the sake o' the reputation of the British Army."

From that weekly, to bar out which a large and perspiring staff of press censors boil seven days of the week at Cape Town, did Pinewood of the Reserve read unctuously excerpts of the speeches of the accredited leaders of His Majesty's opposition. The night picket arrived in the middle of it, but stayed entranced without paying any compliments, till Pinewood had entirely finished the leading article.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Alf Copper, hitching up what remained to him of trousers —"you've 'eard what 'e's been fed up with. Do you blame the beggar? 'Cause I don't! . . . Leave 'im alone, McBride. He's my first and only prisoner, an' I'm goin' to walk 'ome with 'im, ain't I, Ducky? . . . Fall in, Antonio. It's Bermuda, or Umballa, or Ceylon for you—and I'd give a month's pay to be in your shoes."

As not unfrequently happens, the actual moving off the ground broke the prisoner's nerve. He stared at the tinted hills round him, gasped and began to struggle—kicking, swearing, weeping and fluttering all together.

"Pore beggar—oh pore, *pore* beggar!" said Alf, leaning in on one side of him, while Pinewood blocked him on the other.

"Let me go! Let me go! Man, I tell you, let me go——"

"'E screams like a woman!" said McBride. "They'll 'ear 'im five miles off."

"There's one or two ought to 'ear 'im in England," said Copper, putting aside a wildly waving arm.

"Married, ain't 'e?" said Pinewood. "I've seen 'em go like this before—just at the last. 'Old on, old man. No one's goin' to kill you."

The last of the sun threw the enormous shadow of a kopje over the little anxious wriggling group.

"Quit that," said the Sergeant of a sudden. "You're only making him worse. Hands *up*, prisoner! There you are!"

And indeed the revolver barrel square at the man's panting chest seemed to act like a tonic, for he choked, recovered himself, and fell in between Copper and Pinewood.

As the picket neared the camp it broke into song that was heard among the officers' tents:

'E's sent us 'is blessin' from London town,
(The beggar that kep' the cordite down)
But what do we care if 'e smile or frown,
The beggar that kep' the cordite down,
The mildly nefarious
Wildly barbarious
Beggar that kept the cordite down.

Said a captain a mile away: "Why are they singing *that?* We haven't had a mail for a month."

An hour later said the same captain to his servant: "Jenkins, I understand the picket have got a—got a newspaper off a prisoner to-day. I wish you could lay hands on it, Jenkins. Copy of the *Times*, I think."

"Yes, Sir. Copy of the *Times*, Sir," said Jenkins, without a quiver, and went forth to make his own arrangements.

"Copy of the *Times*," said the blameless Alf, from under a blanket. "I ain't a member of the Soldiers' Institoot. Go an' look in the Readin' room—Veldt Row, Kopje Street, second turnin' to the left between 'ere an' Nauwport."

Jenkins summarized briefly in a tense whisper the few things that Alf Copper need not be.

"But my particular copy of the *Times* is specially pro'ibited by the censor from corruptin' the morals of the army. Get a written order from K., properly countersigned, an' I'll think about it."

"I've got it," said Jenkins. "Hurry up. I want to 'ave a squint myself."

Something gurgled in the darkness, and Private Copper fell back smacking his lips.

"Gawd bless my prisoner and make me a good boy. Amen. But rum 'ad 'ave been tastier, Jenkins."

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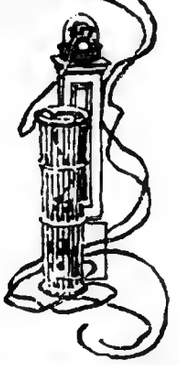
WHAT IS "LUCK"?

HAPPENINGS GENERALLY ASCRIBED TO CHANCE ARE REALLY THE RESULT OF CHARACTER.

By Paul Latzke.

With illustrations by Frederic Door Steele.



THE big gilded hands of the clock overlooking Wall Street out of Trinity Steeple pointed to 3:10 on the afternoon of Thursday, May 27, the day that marked the worst panic Wall Street has ever seen,—"Blue Thursday." The chaos in which the market had just closed came like a thunder storm out of a clear sky. Stocks that forty-eight hours before had been worth one hundred dollars a share could have been picked up for twenty, if there had been anybody to buy them. There simply was no market.

If it had not been utterly distracted, even Wall Street must have turned aside a moment to glance at the figure of a man who came tottering out of the ground-floor office of one of the big brokerage houses. His face was like chalk, his eyes were big and staring, and yet unseeing. His hands worked convulsively. His legs trembled. At the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, where the steps that lead into J. Pierpont Morgan's office bulge into the sidewalk in a fashion that suggests the bold, domineering personality of the great financier, the pale man stopped and sank down on the marble flight. If some one had put a pistol into his hands just then, he would undoubtedly have blown his brains out.

Ten days before he had come into possession of a thousand dollars, the first large sum he had ever owned, the result of an exceptionally long and trying piece of work. He was a writer with little business-sense, but considerable native shrewdness. Of late he had been a great deal in Wall Street gathering material for his work. It was the great boom time, when values went soaring up and up and up, and men were becoming millionaires, on paper, every time the clock went round. The newspapers were fairly bristling with accounts of men who had made vast fortunes in this deal or the other. Everybody was in the market A soubrette in an uptown theatre, working for a salary of eighteen dollars a week, had had a tip that netted her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A clerk in one of the fashionable hotels had cleaned up five hundred thousand dollars in less than a month. Even clergymen had ceased preaching against the vice of gambling, in order to invest their savings in the stock market. The small merchants had neglected their shops for the lairs of the brokers. The very craftsmen of hammer and chisel, of trowel and plumb-line, had gone into the great game by way of the bucket shops, and the farmers were pouring their money into New York by the million, in order to get a share in the upward swing of value. For the first time in their lives, the brokers were dodging orders, turning away business, refusing commissions. Though they worked from the dawn, and kept their office force going all night, they were utterly unable to keep up with the money-mad procession.

So the literary man, with his thousand dollars in his pocket, got the infection. He, too, would get rich. As a preliminary, he studied the conditions, and made up his mind that instead of going into the game blindly, he would exercise judgment and forethought. A study of several days showed him that the market was not a matter of chance and haphazard While stocks generally, under the, impetus of the boom, were steadily rising, each day there was one particular feature of the market that soared above the rest; one day Atchison would go up fifteen points, the next Union Pacific, then Rock Island and so on. Knowing little of the inside workings that produced these curious results, the man still proved to his perfect satisfaction that there was a system, somewhere, in the rise. He, therefore, concluded to watch very

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closely for preliminary symptoms and get in on the first big promise of a rise. On Tuesday morning, May 26, he deposited his thousand dollars with a brokerage house, and then kept his eyes glued to the bulletin board on which the market quotations were posted. He had mapped out for himself this plan: with his thousand dollars, he would buy, on a ten-point margin, a hundred shares of the stock showing the quickest rise. As soon as it showed a ten-point gain, that is, a gain of ten dollars a share, giving him a thousand dollars profit, he would buy another hundred shares of the same stock. At the next ten-point gain, he would buy two hundred shares additional. Now, on the day before, Northern Pacific had been the feature, and following the usual order should have given place to some other specialty. But at the very opening on this day it became evident that the phenomenal rise would continue. The first sale was a block of five hundred shares at one hundred and twenty-seven; the next a thousand shares at one hundred and twenty-eight; then in rapid order, in blocks of five hundred to five thousand, it ran up to one hundred and thirty. Accordingly, the amateur speculator made out a buying order for one hundred shares of Northern Pacific, at the market. Just as he was handing the order to the clerk, the "front office manager," whose usual place was in the outer office, where he was supposed to supervise the correspondence, overlook the bookkeeping, and attend to similar office work, was drawn into the board-room by the unusual excitement and greeted the speculator pleasantly.

"I didn't know you were in the market," he said.

"Yes, I have concluded that there is so much money being made down here, I ought to come in for a share of it," answered the literary man, at the same time handing the slip over to the clerk behind the desk.

"What are you doing, buying or selling?"

"Buying, of course."

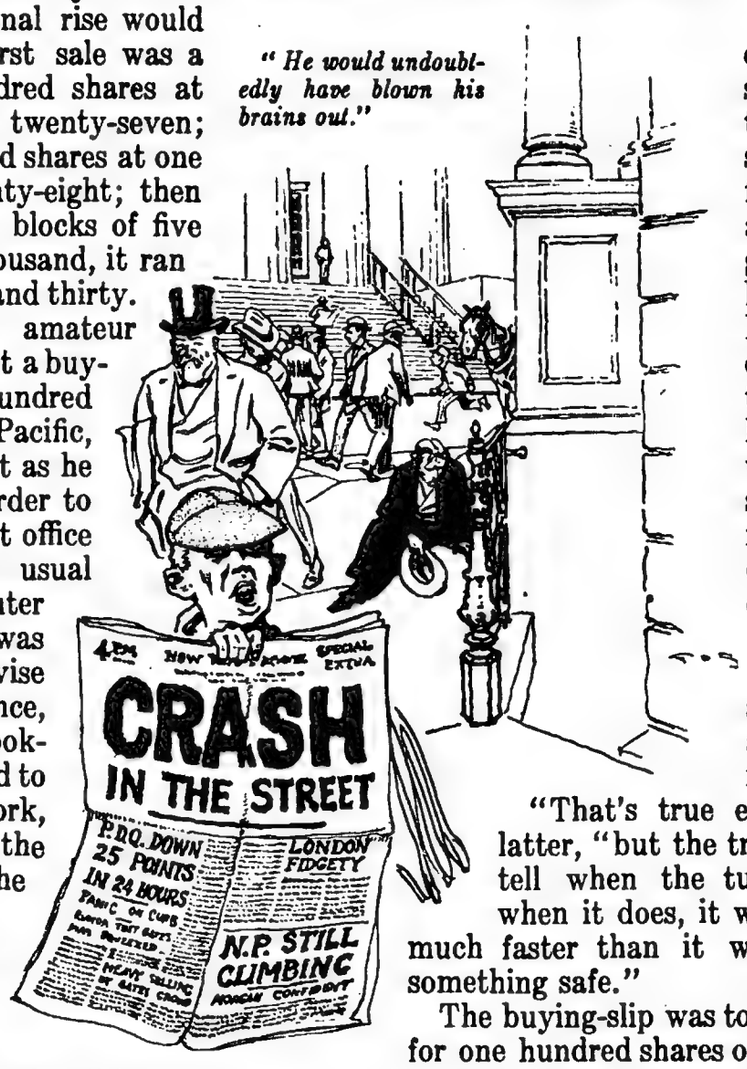
"What are you buying?"

"Northern Pacific."

"For heaven's sake don't do that!" exclaimed the office manager. "You might as well play with gunpowder. The stock is away above its value now. It has been pushed up artificially, and is liable to break in a minute and tumble fifty points. You will be wiped out in a twinkling."

The speculator hesitated. He glanced at the board. Northern Pacific was still going up steadily. It was now up to one hundred and thirty-three. He called the manager's attention to this fact.

"I know it," said the latter, "and it may go up eight or ten points more But it is much more likely to break in a twinkling, and never reach bottom."



"He would undoubtedly have blown his brains out."

The speculator's confidence was shaken. He began to roll his buying-slip between his fingers, as he gave another nervous glance at the black board. Northern Pacific was then at one hundred and thirty-six. Had his order gone in when he first presented it, he would now have a profit of seven hundred dollars on the thousand-dollar investment. He argued the case again with the manager.

"That's true enough," said the latter, "but the trouble is you can't tell when the turn's coming, and when it does, it will go down very much faster than it went up. Get in something safe."

The buying-slip was torn up and an order for one hundred shares of St. Paul was put in. In half an hour came the break, but it didn't come in Northern Pacific. Instead, that stock went up to one hundred and sixty-nine. Everything else on the market went down, and when the Stock Exchange closed, the thousand dollars capital had been wiped

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out. Northern Pacific was the only stock that continued to soar upwards The Morgan and Harriman interests, in their battle for its possession, drove it up and up until next day it reached a thousand dollars a share on several transactions. Had the writer followed out his plan, he would have had four hundred shares in his possession which he could have "loaned" over night at a premium of twenty-eight thousand dollars and sold the next day at the top of the market for four hundred thousand dollars.

Was that luck?

The only thing that came between that speculator and an independent fortune, was the manager of the outer office, who had taken it into his head to come at that particular moment for the first time in weeks into the back office where he had no manner of business to be. Surely here, if ever, was "chance, accident, fortune, hap, casual

Driving stakes for a surveying outfit.

event; fortune, good or bad," as the dictionaries define "luck." Not at all.

"Shallow men," wrote Emerson, "believe in 'luck,' believe in circumstances; it was somebody's name, or he happened to be there at the time, or it was so then, and another day it would have been otherwise. Strong men believe in cause and effect; the man was born to do it, and his father was born to be the father of him and of this deed, and by looking narrowly, you shall see there was no luck in the matter, but it was all a problem in arithmetic, or an experiment in chemistry."

Perfect reasoning, and everywhere in the business world you will see it carried out, though not always on the face of things. At first glance it was "luck," pure and simple, but go back, and you will trace the "problem in arithmetic" or the "experiment in chemistry," "cause and effect," the sequence not of chance but of events.

"I believe there are lucky men," Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, said to me in discussing the subject. "I have made it a rule of my life to surround myself with lucky men, to have no other kind in positions of importance that I control."

That sounded like a sweeping endorsement of the dictionary men; but when Mr. Schwab told me what he meant by "lucky men," he got back to the principles of Emerson. His "lucky men" were not persons who would walk along the streets and pick up a pocket-book, who would buy blindly a piece of land that turned out afterwards to be a gold mine. They were lucky in that they succeeded, and they succeeded, because they worked indefatigably. They did things. Their ventures were "lucky," because they were carefully planned, and zealously worked out. In Mr. Schwab's own career there are a hundred achievements that the unthinking would at once call "lucky." But a close observer will find "cause and effect" in all of them. From the very beginning of his business career, Mr. Schwab worked as long as there was any work to do. He never took up a thing until he had studied it thoroughly, and never dropped it until he had exhausted every means to carry it to a successful issue. Even his start in life most men would ascribe to "luck." It was nothing of the kind. The "lucky" incident that swung him into line comes to every man and boy, not once, but a hundred times. As a clerk in a country store, he was as eager and alert as he is to-day at the head of the greatest industrial enterprise on the globe. At that time, Captain Jones, now one of the heads of departments in the Carnegie Com-

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pany, was engaged on some work in the neighborhood. Mr. Schwab importuned him for a position, and by sheer persistence won the Captain's confidence and a job. The job was a poor enough one, to be sure, driving stakes for a surveying outfit; and the man who believes in "luck" would have been content to drive the stakes and rest. But not so this young man. He was always looking round for something to fill in his spare time. And that is where the "luck" comes in. So persistent was he in work, that at twenty-one, when your "unlucky" bird is spending his evenings planning extensive expenditures for the time when his ship is to come in, Mr. Schwab had already begun, as chief engineer, to lay out at Homestead the greatest steel works in the world. So well did he perform this task, that when the works were started he, a mere boy, was put in charge as general manager, with a responsibility, that, as one eminent man put it, "was appalling."

Henry Ward Beecher owed his fame no less to a keen insight of men and knowledge of the things that make the world, than to his powers of oratory. His views on "luck" are worth studying. "There are men," he said, "who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran *against* them, and *for* others; one, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office; another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him; another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence in everything but his business; and another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle."

The opinion of the elder Rothschild, who was certainly a most practical man, would seem at first glance to be a strong argument for the theory that after all there are "lucky" and "unlucky" men. He wrote to one of his sons, "Never have anything to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky man; I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet; I never act with them; their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?"

But these words again merely show Mr. Rothschild to be one of those who confound luck with success, endeavor with achievement. The clever men, *because they had not shoes to their feet*, lacked some of those essential qualities which bring about "luck." If, with their cleverness, they had had also persistence, good, or, rather, cultivated, judgment (for even in the matter of judgment, it is not a question of luck, good or bad, but of cultivation), energy, they would have succeeded; they lacked industry or sobriety or perseverance or systematic application, or any quality that may be built up regardless of luck. Rothschild, no doubt, owed much of his success to acumen in declining to associate with men, who, however clever, could not get on; but to call these men "unlucky" is absurd, and if the great banker had gone further into the subject, he would unquestionably have made it plain that he also meant, not an "unlucky" man, but an "unsuccessful" one.

"Lost his luck in the river.

James J. Hill, everywhere conceded to be the greatest railroad man of this or any age, is almost universally alluded to as a "lucky" man Study the habits of Mr. Hill and you will find his "luck" easily accounted for. He works seven days in the week, frequently eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. For years he labored in the wilderness, although all his training and tastes were for the gentler life. I asked him what he thought of this question of luck, and he said, "Luck is opportunity. And opportunity? It is of a

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man's making, very largely. There is no doubt that to some few men very little opportunity comes; but even in their cases, if they sought further, refusing to be satisfied with that which is, they would find better opportunity. No substitute for hard work has ever been discovered; certainly it is not luck. The boy or man who thinks otherwise, is going to get into trouble and hang to it."

Mr. Hill, indeed, here suggests an element of luck in opportunity which will strike many practical men as a modest concession to the Goddess. Probably nine persons out of ten will maintain that it is opportunity that makes the man, as it does the thief. But go back a little behind the returns where opportunity has been given credit for the making or unmaking of a man, and you will find that it was the man who made the opportunity. Was not the thief a thief at heart, and did not the man have in him, by cultivation, the quality that made him a position in the world?

I know no better confirmation of this than the experience of F. D. Underwood, President of the Erie Railroad, as he related it to me. Ask any man in the railroad world who knows, and who does not think, and he will tell you that Mr. Underwood is lucky. Ask many who *do* think, and they will tell you that he had the opportunity and took advantage of it. Only a few know that he dragged opportunity out of oblivion. Mr. Underwood started in life as a brakeman on a freight train. He so attended to business that by and by he was given the brake-wheel on a passenger train. He was that rare individual on a railroad, a brakeman who sees from the first that the roadway and rolling stock and passengers are not created purely for his benefit, but that he holds his position for theirs. Mr. Underwood soon became a freight and then a passenger conductor; and, after some experience in the executive offices, was made station agent in a thriving Iowa town. Now, there are few positions with more charm for him who is content to wait for opportunity, than that of station agent in a prosperous town of two or three thousand inhabitants, where there is only one railroad. From merchant to bootblack, from Mayor to constable, the people all are dependent in a measure on the man who controls the railroad operations. Mr. Underwood's predecessor had held the post for eighteen years, and had retired on a competency. The new agent was considered "lucky" to have come into so good a thing.

"My friends," Mr. Underwood said to me, "were the best people of the place; the doctors, the lawyers, the judges and the leading merchants. The social life was quiet, but delightful. It was an ideal place to go to sleep in. One morning I awoke to the fact that I was in a fair way to follow in the footsteps of the man who had gone before me; to work at my post for eighteen or twenty years, and then to retire with a snug little fortune, sufficient perhaps to buy a farm, and end my days in peace and comfort. Now that isn't a bad sort of existence, but I don't think it is the thing we are put on this earth for. Man was made to be ambitious; and the world is dependent for its progress on those who live up to this destiny. So when I realized that I was drifting into the life of the little place; that I was rapidly becoming one of its fixtures; that my career was halting, and would probably come to an end then and there, if I didn't arouse myself, I took heroic measures. In the face of the advice of my best friends, I threw up my job. Everybody told me I was a fool, but I didn't believe them."

Mr. Underwood went back again into the thick of the fight, thus constantly making his opportunity. He found a clerkship; got in touch with the active directing management, with the machine that controlled not one station, but a hundred. He energized day and night with advancement little by little until one day he found himself selected as division superintendent. That was his "luck;" "hustling," striving, tireless energy. By and by and quite naturally enough, he became a full-fledged railroad president. When the Baltimore and Ohio was at its worst, the directors of that organization, casting about for a man who had not "luck" but energy, picked out the former Iowa station agent. When the Erie Railroad needed a man of unusual executive ability, Mr. Underwood was offered the presidency on a salary that promises to make him a wealthy man.

"Luck?" he will tell you, "I know no other thing of which there is less in the world. The jails are full of people who played their 'luck.'"

"It is ourselves alone that make our days lucky or unlucky," declared Voltaire.

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"Away then with vain prejudice, the invention of the priesthood which has been transmitted by our ancestors to an ignorant people."

Richard Cobden, the wise English statesman, put it even better. "Luck," said he, "is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competency. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character."

The list of practical men who have torn the superstition of "luck" into shreds, showing by cold, convincing analysis of events that the thing is not, is almost unlimited. It is the hope and the refuge of the weak, the foolish and the lazy.

"I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest," said Addison, "who complained of bad luck; a good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of."

Mrs. Hetty Green, America's richest woman, fairly paralleled this of Addison.

"I don't believe in luck," she once said to me. "Luck is superstition. If you start life with a good soul, a good sound healthy body and work hard, you will succeed. Don't live high; don't get into bad company."

Russell Sage, who came into Wall Street forty years ago with a snug fortune made in the wholesale grocery business at Troy, was able to keep, and enormously increase, his money, because he refused always to believe that there was such a thing as "luck."

"From my earliest days," Mr. Sage told me, "I reasoned from cause to effect. I took nothing for granted, left nothing to chance. Conditions were so to-day because circumstances made them so, and what these circumstances were, I always made it a rule to find out. Whenever I invested in a property, it was not the chance for success, but the underlying *facts* that make for success, which weighed with me."

For this reason, Mr. Sage never found himself one of those lambs who, because they rely almost always on "luck," are sheared with such pleasing regularity by the Stock Exchange operators.

Almost every schoolboy who has read the papers of late will probably be prepared to swear by the "luck" of John W. Gates. It is almost proverbial that no proposition with reasonable odds will find Mr. Gates unwilling to take a chance; and the blind declare that it is with him absolutely a matter of "heads or tails." It is part of Mr. Gates's method to foster this delusion. When questioned as to the "luck" in his career, a knowing wink and a broad smile were all the comment he would make; but his friends and the students of Wall Street will tell you that from the largest to the smallest transaction, this "Man out of the West" goes over the ground with the utmost care; and not a dollar does he invest without knowing all the facts. Even at cards, he works on system and conditions, and, not on blind chance.

"'Never have anything to do with an unlucky man,' once said the elder Rothschild."

Nothing has helped so much to foster the superstition of "luck" as the newspaper and the unthinking essayist. There is a fascination about the word which appeals strongly to the mass, the unsuccessful majority who, finding no better excuse for their position, hug close to their bosoms the delusion of good luck and bad. Naturally then, the editors play this "touch of nature," and whenever opportunity offers, throw it out in

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"The jails are full of people who played their luck."

"A horse does not win by chance."

bold relief in the headlines. Print the word "LUCK" anywhere, in big, black letters, and nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand will eagerly scan the paragraphs below it.

Miss Mattie Beale, a telephone operator in Wichita, Kansas, left her switchboard to join the army of land seekers at the time the Lawton reservation was thrown open to settlement last Spring. In the Government allotment which went by drawing, there fell to her one of the choicest sections in the reservation. "CAN TALK OF HER LUCK" was the headline in the newspaper. That she owed her land, not to her luck, but to her willingness to endure discomfort and hardship and work; that she *made* the thing which the unambitious called "her luck," was not appreciated.

In Minneapolis, the local historians still love to tell of the experience of "Lucky Burns." This man was a porter in one of the pioneer hotels of the town. There was due him a matter of seventy dollars in wages. The proprietor, closing up his business, offered to pay Burns in cash, or else give him a piece of wild land in settlement. Burns took the land. Today this piece of land, known as Manhattan Island, is one of the most valuable properties in the Northwestern metropolis.

The moral is finely pointed out by the reverse picture of another laborer, also a Minneapolis man. To him there was due sixteen dollars in wages. He was offered in settlement the choice between eight dollars in cash and a pair of fine boots, and a piece of the land which was then so plentiful. He took the eight dollars and the boots. On the land, which might have been his, had he been content to do without the warm boots and cash, now stands the Minneapolis market house. For a quarter of a century or more that man complained of his "hard luck."

In the trivial things of life, there is often much that is inexplicable, except on the theory of luck. "Gambler's luck" is an accepted institution. The cards run for this man and against the other. But it requires only the application of mathematics to show that in cards, as elsewhere in the Universe, it is system, not luck. If it were otherwise, the professional gambler would cease to exist. The gamblers who make books at the race tracks, draw large incomes simply because the bettors lack either the means, the time, or the knowledge, to stick to the game until it works out. Although by reason of his handling or food or riding, a horse may win this race or lose that, in the end his record depends not upon chance, but upon form.

"Our own actions are the accidents of fortune, that we sometimes place to the credit of luck or misfortune."

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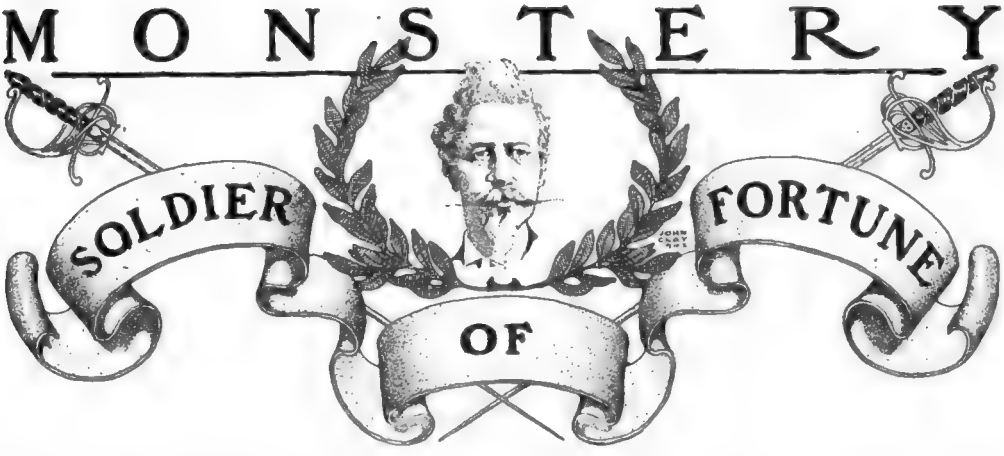
MONSTERY



The Marvellous Adventures of a Hohenzollern, Who Fought in All Parts of the World and Lately Died, an Octogenarian, in Chicago.

By H. S. Canfield.

"He who lives by the sword lives long." So said Monstery, who was eighty-eight years old when he died in Chicago in January, 1901. He was a Hohenzollern, but he hated the Hohenzollern blood and he would have liked to draw it from his veins. His name was Thomas Hoyer Munster Monstery, and his maternal grandmother, Sophia Anckarstrom, one of the most beautiful women that Sweden ever bred, was the morganatic wife of William Frederick of Prussia. He hated his blood because he was once bold enough to call at the Berlin palace and claim kinship with the royal family. He was kindly, almost tenderly received, and he went to bed at his hotel with the feeling that his future would be of rose and gold. Two days afterwards he was locked in the Fortress of Spandau, where he passed a year, and where his only amusement was fencing with the German officers who were stiff, clumsy, and boorish and afforded him little sport. His mother's entreaties with her royal father finally effected his release and he was sent across the frontier with the injunction never to return. This was in the thirties and after that time he did not set foot on Prussian land.

In his own person Monstery demonstrated the truth of his adage quoted above. His abundant hair was roached up in front like a cock's comb, as if he were uttering a perpetual challenge: "Let him clip it who can." He smoked twenty cigars a day; he ate when he was hungry and he ate what he pleased; he had a steady and generous thirst; he was immensely powerful and as springy as good steel; there was no law of hygiene that he did not defy. In the year of the World's Fair at Chicago when he was seventy-eight years old, he fenced with Chevalier Pini, the Italian champion, and he made an even score with him. For nearly seventy years he was one of the chief masters of the sword on three continents. Almost to his death-day he taught the use of the rapier, the broadsword and the singlestick. The sword was the staff of life to him; he carved out three fortunes with it; it gave him bread to the end. One of his latest pupils was Francis Wilson, the actor. Teaching men of the stage to fence was part of his business for more than a half-century. He taught the elder Davenport, Forrest, Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin Booth. He spoke fondly of the elder Booth as "June." Twenty-eight years ago he prepared Colonel Gansey for his duel with General Fordelli on Long Island. The weapons were sabres and at the first pass Fordelli's sword-arm was split from wrist to elbow. He had been principal in twenty-three duels and second in thirty. He never killed a man in a duel, though one of his

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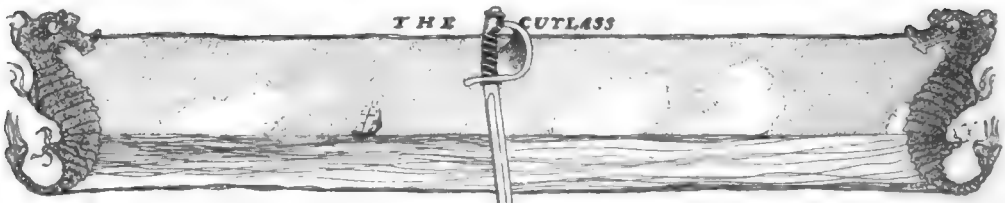

earlier opponents died afterward from wounds. He was one of the strongest men of the past century. His shoulders were broad, his chest deep, his flanks thin, his arms long and his muscles knotted. As a fencer he was noted not only for quickness of lunge but for the phenomenal distance that he covered when extended.

Everything that this man said about the sword is worth attention. He did not advocate any particular school, declaring that there is little difference between the French and Italian methods, that the Italian masters are always better trained and therefore more generally successful. He taught rather a high wrist and he believed more in attack than in defence. Of that quadroon master of the pen, Alexandre Dumas the elder, he had a low opinion.

"Look!" he would say. "Dumas was great with the tongue and pen, but he knew little of the sword. Any one of his heroes stands with his back to a wall and defeats six to eight opponents. That is foolish. A swordsman, no matter what his skill, can successfully engage many men only by superior activity. He must leap here and there; must advance and retreat; must circle, dodge and swerve like a bird in flight; he must fight his foemen one at a time and put them out of combat successively. Can he do this when he is glued to a wall?"

Monstery's grandmother went to Prussia and became the morganatic wife of the King. She was the first cousin of that Anckarstrom who slew Gustavus III. of Sweden at a masquerade ball, for which the whole family was proscribed. His mother was born in Prussia; his father was a Dane of rank, a descendant of an Irishman who fled to Denmark after the battle of the Boyne. His father was deprived of his position at the Danish court for slaying a man in a duel and was aftrewards made governor of Santa Cruz in the Danish West Indies. He gave up his post in 1812 and came to the United States. The son was born in Baltimore. His parents returned to Denmark in 1814 when he was two years old, then quarrelled and separated. He remembered his father standing erect in a nightshirt, stained with blood at the breast and a sword in his hand; and that was his only recollection of him. His next memory was of a dark room, or dungeon, with stone walls and a grated window to which he could not climb. The attendants gave him bread sprinkled with sugar when he was good, and he never afterward ate any other kind of dessert. Next he was in his mother's house at Copenhagen, which was maintained in good style. When twelve years old he left school because his eyes were injured in an explosion of fireworks ignited in honor of the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. He went into the Danish navy for three years; was insulted by a negro in Rio de Janeiro, stabbed him and went home. This was the first blood shed by him in anger.

At eighteen years of age he was sent to Stockholm and he entered the school of Dr. Linge, the inventor of the Swedish movement system, Swedish massage and a very brilliant and effective style of sword-play which, Monstery said, is the foundation of all modern fencing. Here his body was built into the powerful machine that it remained, and he acquired a preternatural skill with the rapier. The Stockholm tutelage superimposed upon a naturally rugged frame a set of muscles nearly as strong as those of a horse and as flexible as a watch-spring. He left Stockholm when he was twenty-two years old, and his career as a soldier of fortune began. It was a career beside which the romances of adventurers seem pale. He had documentary evidence of its main facts, and now that the old man is dead some romance writer may find a mine in his papers.

A year later he was in St. Petersburg, swordmaster to Constantine, with a splendid establishment and a princely salary. His reputation as the strongest man in Europe

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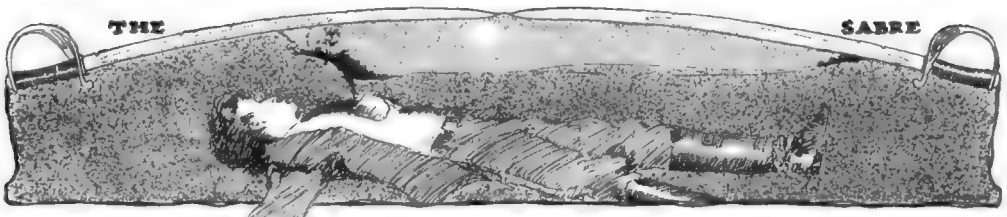

had preceded him, and he was forced to fight champion after champion, not only from among the Slavs, but from the wilder tribes of the Empire. He was growing rich rapidly when his star was clouded. Among the younger noblemen about Constantine's palace was Ivan Orloff, a Prince's son, daring and gay. He and Monstery became fast friends. Orloff had an unfortunate experience with a lady of the court and was deported from Russia. Having plenty of money, he wandered from capital to capital, gaming and having adventures—an errant man of the sword. Monstery was of his party and he, too, left Russia. Going back to Copenhagen he fought his first duel in hatred. It came about in this way: Charles Hansen was of high social position, having money, youth, good looks, bravery and skill. He became infatuated with the same woman that Monstery paid court to. Jealousy followed, then wrath, then insult, then crossed swords on the sward They were nearly matched in strength, but Hansen had not fought in nearly every country of the Continent against men of every Continental race. He insisted upon the triangular sword as a weapon, with which Monstery was not so familiar as himself, but he was disarmed at the fifth pass. The sword fell with its handle near his feet. The victor forebore to pierce him as he stood, but turned with a smile to the seconds and awaited the customary declaration that the loser had received every courtesy. Hansen stooped suddenly, seized his sword and plunged it into his opponent's body under the right armpit. The steel entered to the depth of four inches, making the small but dangerous wound for which this weapon is noted. Monstery was in bed nearly six months. When he got out he was broken in health and purse, weak and dispirited. He hung about the city for a few days regaining strength, and then decided to reënter Prussia.

On the night before his intended departure he sat in a restaurant with his back to the door. As he played with a wine glass and wondered what the next turn of the wheel of fortune would bring to him, his hair was seized from behind and his head jerked rudely back. Looking up he saw Hansen towering over him.

"Not dead yet?" asked Hansen, and struck him heavily in the face.

Monstery twisted around, seized the wine-bottle and felled Hansen to the floor. Believing the man's skull to be crushed, and intent on escaping, he leaped through the window, carrying the sash with him. Hearing footsteps, he looked back and saw Hansen with a companion staggering in his wake. He waited for them, and a parley followed. Next morning they met for the second time. This duel was fought within twenty feet of the elder Monstery's grave. The son wielded the sword with his left hand, his right being still partly useless from the stab of months before. Both combatants were repeatedly touched, Hansen the more severely. At last, bleeding from nineteen flesh wounds, he fainted. Monstery, believing him dead, made his way to Hamburg. Hansen lived for two years, but never recovered his health.

In Hamburg the adventurer passed two years in abject poverty. He had no money to gamble; no wars were going on; often a crust of bread made his sole meal in twenty-four hours. A Danish sculptor named Brock found him a disconsolate, starving man, reclining upon a park bench; he fed him and bought him clothing. Monstery took ship for America.

When the war with Mexico began he showed the President of the United States his old commission as Colonel in the Russian Imperial Guards and asked permission to raise a regiment. Though he was born in Baltimore, the Americans regarded him as a foreigner and would not enlist with him. Determined to fight for the country in some

"I WOULD DIE THUS TO MAKE A SOLDIER'S END BY A SOLDIER'S SWORD"

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capacity, he signed as a common sailor in the navy, was assigned to the *Vixen*, took part in the bombardment of Tuxpan, and later fought at Tabasco and was invalided back to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

In 1849, being in New Orleans, he started to San Francisco by way of Santa Fé. Instead he reached Nicaragua. A revolution was in progress, of course, and, equally as a matter of course, he went into it. He did not remember for what chieftain he fought, or upon what side. He was satisfied, however, that he fought for the Liberals against the Conservatives, because in all of his subsequent revolutionary experiences he was against the Church. Near Nicaragua one day, in a desperate fight in which he was laboring for the patriot whose name he forgot, he was cracked on the head with a musket. When he revived the field was deserted. He did not know which side won, and he never found out. Blood was running from his ears and he tried to find a surgeon. He did not find one, but after a day's travel he was in a little town on the coast. Here an Italian agreed to operate under his direction. A poignard was thrust through the back of his neck and a piece of linen shirt was inserted, forming a sort of seton. The seton did its work of suppuration for more than a year, and brain fever was averted.

Within the next three years he joined the Lopez expedition to Cuba, gave fencing lessons in Baltimore and fought for José Maria Melo, who was dictator of Colombia. Melo was beaten, and he and Monstery made their way to the coast in disguise. Melo was smuggled on board a British vessel which put out to sea. Nursing a sabre slash on the head and one on the arm, Monstery made his way to New York, thence to Copenhagen and thence to Madrid.

In Spain, being asked for evidence of his skill, he issued a challenge to any man who fancied himself clever with any weapon. He fought with sabres, rapiers, broadswords, foils, bayonets, knives and lances. Three months later the office of "Military Instructor to the Government" was made for him and he was sent to Cuba to give lessons to the soldiers. He landed at Puerto Principe with seventy ounces of gold in his pockets. As he entered the door of the Governor's palace to present his credentials he saw a long table piled high with glittering doubloons, and behind the doubloons a man was dealing monte. He bet his seventy ounces on the queen lost and walked into the audience chamber penniless save for his diamonds. Almost immediately he was transferred to Havana, then one of the world's gayest capitals. He was happy, laboring with the sword, gaming, drinking, love-making and duelling. He said:

"The Spaniard is earth's greatest enthusiast in all weapons that shine. He does not like firearms, though his personal courage compels him to face them when necessary."

He was once more on the high road to wealth. He had a fever and a barber came to him to bleed him. This barber was hired by an Italian swordsman, a rival, to cut a tendon in his patient's right arm. Monstery waited until the wound healed and then began patiently to restore the usefulness of the crippled member. He sat for hours at a table, holding the fingers in his left hand, and worked it back and forth. He would wake in the night, turn on his side and exercise it. In six months the arm was as good as ever.

At last he left Cuba, position and money gone, and he headed a small expedition into Honduras, the slogan being liberty and loot. He stopped in Havana, however, long enough to stick the Italian swordsman through the neck. In Honduras they were captured as soon as they landed. Monstery afterward said:

"I told them that we were a party of peaceful miners, and that statement was accepted so far as my companions were concerned. In going through my trunks, however, they found my commission from the Spanish Government. The officer commanding the Hondurans was named Valdarama and he was magnificently caparisoned. In that

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bright light he blazed like a sun. But his men were sandalled ragamuffins. I was permitted to exercise in a paved courtyard, and at the doorway opening into the street a single soldier stood guard. I got too close to him one day and he tried to spit me with his bayonet. I took his gun from him and knocked him down with my fist. Eight others, armed with muskets and bayonets, sprang out of the guardhouse and attacked me. I had one of the fights of my life and I proved that M. Dumas' back-to-the-wall heroes were fictions. I should have been butchered like a pig but for the fact that I had space in which to manœuvre. Of course, these men knew nothing of bayonet play. I had pinked two of them, broken the bayonets of three and was near fainting from exhaustion when I heard a command 'Halt!' behind me. The soldiers dropped their muskets. I turned and saw Valdarama. He looked me over and said:

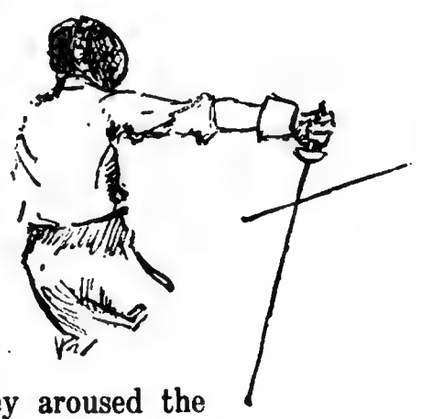
"'Heavens! Can a man do that?'

"I told him that a sure-enough man could. He gave me my liberty and I gave him instruction.

"At that time the President of Honduras was Guardiola, called the Butcher, a Mestizos Indian. He would have shot me but for the American Consul Purdot. Not being permitted to shoot me, Guardiola made me instructor to his ragged, half-starved and wholly filthy myrmidons. Since I was his hired man, he ordered me to fight the Honduran champion. I have forgotten this fellow's name, if I ever knew it, but he was six feet six inches high and insisted upon using a pair of enormous Toledo blades which he owned. The fight occurred in the plaza and was watched by 20,000 people. As I was held to be a representative of Spain, the Spanish merchants bet 8,000 copper dollars on me. These dollars were worth twelve and one-half cents apiece. When they dropped to eight cents they were bought up by an English syndicate which rehabilitated the currency with guarantees, disposed of them at par and quit the country. The Honduran's merit consisted in utter ignorance of his weapon. It was hard for me to tell what he was going to do. I disarmed him thrice. He then made a speech to his countrymen in which he assured them that he would kill me if I would stop knocking his sword from his hand. Then he wept bitterly and was led out."

At the further bidding by Guardiola, Monstery fought a bull, which he slew, matador fashion, and then made the mistake of dancing too often with the Dictator's wife. He was sent to the front to fight a revolutionist named Cardenas in the hope that he would be killed. He was defeated, taken prisoner and tied to a tree. He worked loose from his bonds, ran under fire to a river, jumped in, was carried over a waterfall and landed after drifting two miles. Half-clad and unarmed he struck out for the San Salvador line and reached it after incredible hardship, his skin lacerated by thorns and his feet horribly swollen from the bites of insects. In the town of San Miguel he presented himself to Señor Antonio Blanco, a Spanish merchant of wealth and breeding, introducing himself as Tomas Monstery, the swordsman. His fame had gone through all the Central American republics and Blanco gave him a banquet. Sixteen merchants were present and each gave the adventurer an ounce of gold. He used to say: "In the morning I was a vagabond and at night I was a cavalier."

In San Miguel he found Melo, the former Dictator of Colombia, whom he had last seen disguised as a servant on board a British vessel. Melo was high in power, and the two men swore a brotherhood. One of the terms of compact was that in case of the death of either the survivor was to carry the news to the dead man's family, no matter at what cost or what the distance to be traversed; and Monstery kept the pact. These two brave and pugnacious men would have dominated the republic in a year, but they aroused the jealousy of President Barrios and were expelled into Costa Rica. The usual revolution came on. They took the side of President Mora, were whipped, and they fled into Guatemala with a fresh assortment of wounds. Making their way through Guatemala and picking up a recruit here and there, they got into Mexico with a respectable following or, rather, a following of respectable size.



There was war in Mexico. Liberals and Conservatives were at each others' throats, and just then the Conservatives were the

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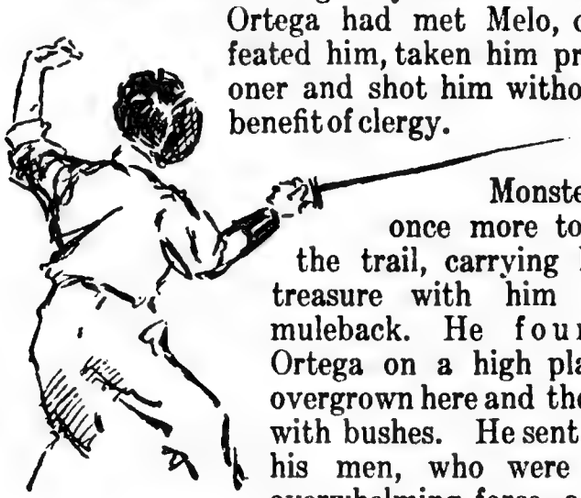
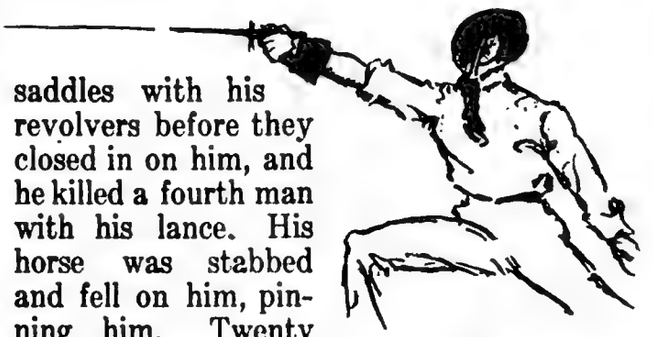
under dogs. In the City of Mexico Melo received a commission as Governor of the State of Chiapas, and he made Monstery his chief of cavalry. They were opposed to Miramon, the Conservative leader. They soon discovered that their most dangerous foe was Luiz Ortega. Ortega had been collector of customs for Chiapas, and his thefts had run into millions. He was dismissed from office by the central Liberal Government and he joined the Conservatives. He was a brilliant soldier, a guerrilla of experience, and merciless. His thousand followers were distinguished by a white cross worn upon the left shoulder, and where the White Crosses rode there was ruin and death. Against this man Monstery and Melo pitted themselves. They fought him on mountainside and in valley, on high rocky plateaus, through leagues of giant cacti.

They wanted Ortega for his crimes, but they wanted him also for his treasure. This treasure was the plunder of churches. It consisted in part of gold pieces and in part of rich jewels stamped from chalices by his boot-heels. It had been secreted in the mountains, and it became Monstery's task to discover the hiding place. He accomplished this and moved on the rocky hold. He defeated Ortega and captured the treasure, but the bandit escaped. Monstery was content to let him go while he weighed the gold and handled the gems. He was waked from his dream of delight by the news that Ortega had met Melo, defeated him, taken him prisoner and shot him without benefit of clergy.



Monstery once more took the trail, carrying his treasure with him on muleback. He found Ortega on a high plain overgrown here and there with bushes. He sent in his men, who were in overwhelming force, and he hid himself with a small party near a point of exit, determined to slay Ortega as he endeavored to escape. When the battle was near its end and the White Crosses were flying he saw a party of them rapidly coming toward him, and at their head was an officer. Satisfied that he had his man in plain view he dropped the reins upon his horse's neck and gave the word to charge. For some reason, which he could never explain, his men refused to follow him, and he found himself facing the party alone. It was too late to retreat and he was ready to die.

This fight happened more than forty years ago, but the old warrior spoke of it to the last with exultation. He emptied three



saddles with his revolvers before they closed in on him, and he killed a fourth man with his lance. His horse was stabbed and fell on him, pinning him. Twenty blows showered upon him. The struggles of the animal freed him and he stood erect. His left leg had been hurt in the fall, and he stood upon the right like a stork. His lance also was smashed, but he kept a hold on it and drove it through the breast of a foe. Then he drew his rapier and, partly supporting himself against the dead body of his horse, made play. The young officer, who was not Ortega, fell before a lunge which caught him in the throat. A trooper, who sprang in with a clubbed musket, was struck with such violence that the hilt of the sword thumped against his chest. The weapon snapped. At that instant Monstery's victorious riders broke from the chaparral, and his assailants fled. He had been struck in the breast by a spent ball and was coughing blood; his left knee-pan was cracked; his sword hand was wounded; Melo was dead; Ortega for the twentieth time had escaped; and Monstery decided to give up the pursuit.

He had paid his soldiers liberally from the treasure, and he had in gold and jewels $400,000 left. In mule-trunks it was bound on the backs of Indian bearers. In a chair strapped to a man's back, he took up the march to the Atlantic coast, hoping to find a physician. Near Palenque it was necessary to cross a lake. Knowing that the boats would not bear the weight of the men and the metal, Monstery buried four of the trunks, making a diagram of the place. The fifth

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trunk contained jewels, and among them was an Archbishop's diadem. Contrary to his custom, Ortega had not broken up this splendid bit of jewelry. It was studded with diamonds, sapphires, rubies and opals and was valued at $165,000.

At Petucalco, ruled by a governor and patrolled by a commander of his own appointing, Monstery stopped to rest. The Governor's name was Martinez; the commander's name was Pancho Florez. The Governor gave a banquet. While the visitor was dining, Florez entered his house, took the trunk into the mountains, broke it open, abstracted the contents, Archbishop's diadem and all, buried them in a spot known only to himself and absconded. Of this loss the soldier of fortune, when old and nearly spent, talked with equanimity:

"It was the rainy season," he said, "and the mountain torrents were bank-full. I found the trunk. The few papers in it had been beaten to mush by the fallen water, but in the middle of it lay an open daguerreotype uninjured, and out of it smiled the face of my wife. Among the papers which Florez had abstracted was the diagram showing the location of my buried trunks of gold. They are there yet, I don't doubt. No man can find them; I could not find them myself. That lake overflows once a year, and they are now under twenty feet of deposit.

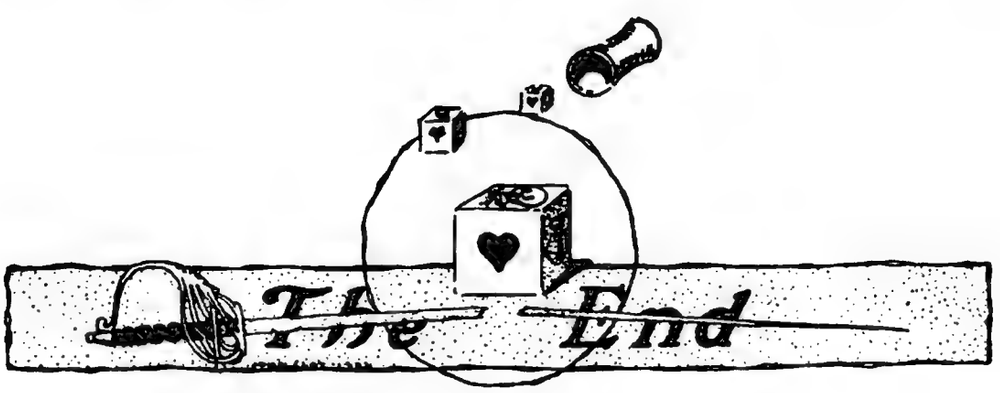
"Twenty-five years ago I was in San Francisco giving fencing lessons to Bandmann, the actor. He told me that his brother, a civil engineer, had met a man of my name and rank in Bolivia. As Bolivia is the only South American republic I have not visited, I was curious. I met Bandmann's brother and he described the man he had seen. I had no trouble in recognizing Pancho Florez, the fellow who had robbed my trunk. Ascertaining from my papers that I had not been in that country, he made for it, taking my jewels, my gold, my letters and my name. As he was a fairly expert swordsman, though not a phenomenon, I suppose he made his title good against such fighters as he would meet there."

Thomas Hoyer Munster Monstery's last duel was fought in the City of Mexico, just after the execution of Maximilian. Colonel Ramon Valdez, of the Mexican army, made public reflections upon America and Americans, and the fiery fighter in a dozen wars resented it with a blow. The distance was thirty paces, the weapons revolvers, the conditions advance and fire at will. But one shot was fired, and the right arm of Valdez hung to a shattered shoulder.

This was in 1866. With brief intervals of rest, for more than thirty years thereafter this wonderful man lunged, recovered, parried and riposted for five hours a day and six days in the week. Within a month of his death his eye was as bright as a hawk's, his nerves were untremulous. After grilled bones and a quart of stout at three o'clock in the morning he sank down into the dreamless sleep of infancy.

"He who lives by the sword lives long." It is an aphorism as terse and as truthful as "The nation which shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries" was truthful in the day when the Tenth Legion pressed its breasts against the breasts of the Gauls.

The bones of Thomas Hoyer Munster Monstery rest in Forest Home Cemetery. He was a gallant gentleman. Through what dim halls wanders that splendid spirit which so loved the sliding grind of blade on blade? Does it stop and listen with bent shadowy head to the tinkle of falling broken steel?



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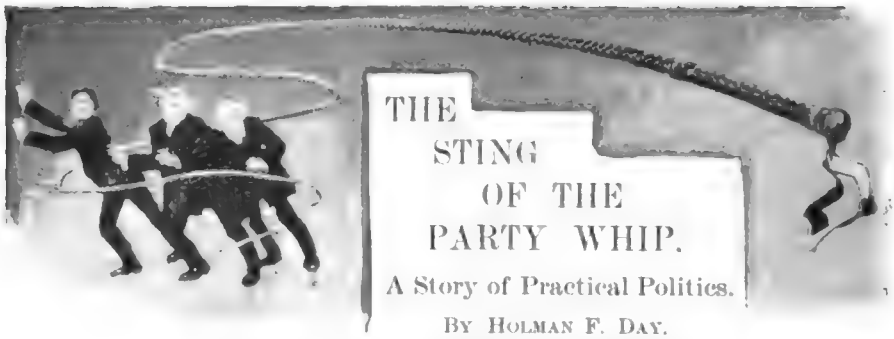

THE STING OF THE PARTY WHIP.

A Story of Practical Politics.

By Holman F. Day.

Illustrated by F. Richardson.

PILLSBURY, after the hardest day's work in his life, lay on the hotel bed staring up at the ceiling. With a politician's disregard of furniture he dug the heel of one muddy boot into the white spread, and idly swung the other in the air; his cigar dropped ashes on his beard.

The Warden of the State prison, his legs astride the back of a chair, sat looking at the carpet and humming a grum "toote-ootle-oo."

There came a brisk rap at the door.

"I have ventured to trouble you," apologized the newspaper man, bowing at the threshold, "because I have been informed that you are managing the Democratic side of this fight."

"Maybe the folks thought my plurality in the last election earned the job for me," Pillsbury replied, with bitterness.

"I understand it is the most peculiar campaign this State has ever witnessed," said the correspondent.

"You understand, of course, Mister Reporter, that we are right at the bulge end of a deadlock in our State Senate and it has lasted twenty-five days. We have that blastnation majority rule in this State. We not only failed to elect a Governor in the fall election, but we missed fire on eighteen Senators as well. The choice of a Governor has been thrown into the Legislature, and the bind comes in the Senate.

"Well, it's enough to say that we have been having a turnover in party management. It will probably be a good thing for the party crop when it is all over, but now, right at the height of the shower, some of us feel as though we are without our umbrellas."

"We can't blame Pillsbury for feeling that way," Warden Bennett interrupted. "Pillsbury here, you understand, was the nominee for Governor of the Democratic party in the fall election and got a good plurality over all. Here are the figures:"

The Warden fished a crumpled slip of paper from his pocket and passed it over to the reporter.

Whole number of votes cast . .	233,470
Pillsbury, Democrat	136,386
Crosby, Republican	127,061
Moody, Temperance	11,027
Holton, Labor	8,996

"It is too bad the plurality rule doesn't prevail in your State," said the stranger with the listlessness born of newspaper indifference to events that make copy. "But I imagine you have the best show in the Legislative election."

"I can see you don't know much about the situation," Pillsbury snapped curtly. "I don't stand any show at all. I'm out of the race."

"I don't exactly understand." The newspaper man looked bewildered.

"You'd understand if you'd been cuffed around in the politics of this State for the last year or so," Pillsbury rejoined smartly. "What the people want and what the politicians are doing don't match up well together. This man Moody is the strongest fighter we have up this way. They call him the 'Lion.' The Democrats admired him as a leader of campaigns, but they didn't just want him as Governor. They realized he wouldn't run well in the popular vote and we couldn't take chances. I reckon every woman in the State is down on him, for one matter. Two or three rather frowzy scandals about him, you understand. The party nominated me. What did Moody do but turn around, curse his party into smithereens and take the stump against the regular

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nominee? With a few associates whose reputations in this State smell as though they had been stored in a porgie factory, he set up a new party of his own. He nailed together a temperance platform. Your figures there show you the size of his handful of votes. Now with that scrimpy showing he has had the supreme gall to throw himself into the mess here when the choice of Governor was left to the Legislature. Things are just enough broken up to give him a big show. Crosby's party has gone back on him for some reasons that we do know and some that we don't. Crosby has been Governor two years, you know—a Republican Governor who came in by a split among the Democrats two years ago. He found himself with a Democratic council and an entire corps of Democratic State officials and he has had to keep 'em all in office.

"Now you understand, young man, the Democratic party of this State will not endure a traitor. If Moody had held off for a year or so we would have been in the strong and harmonious position we are trying to attain. Perhaps we could have boosted him, then, against public sentiment. But he has gone to work and split us up again just for his own private, ambitious ends. Kicked right out at the whip—wouldn't be a martyr. Why, even his own brother, United States Senator Moody, is against him and is fighting with us. In the House Moody, candidate for Governor, has joined with Freedman, Republican candidate for United States Senate, and they've turned their strength for each other. They've got the House by a small margin—we admit that. But our claim is on the Senate. There's where the fight will come to-morrow."

Pillsbury sucked another drink from the water pitcher, the ice floating against his bearded lip.

"I was the first martyr," he resumed. "We all saw it was a case of drop all and rally round Crosby, to hold him in office. We have rallied. I have pulled out. The Legislature has been hung up twenty-five days by the Senate deadlock. Thirteen Senators were on hand when the Senate convened at the first of the session. Eighteen failed of election. The deadlock has prevailed because our seven Democrats in the Senate have regularly outvoted the six Republicans and insisted that the body be considered as the Senate with power to fill vacancies in its membership. You see the point! But the Moody House has refused to recognize the body except as Senators-elect. So it has been a season of tabling messages and growling at each other.

"But the Democratic Supreme Court of this State saw the true light and decided that the Senate of thirteen was the Senate. So the body—ours by a majority of one—canvassed returns and named the constitutional candidates to supply vacancies. Moody fought every step and is still fighting, but I tell you right now we're going into that election to-morrow with the sure knowledge that Governor Adam P. Crosby is going to stay in office. Now I have talked to you just twice as long as I intended, but I hope you have got the idea."

Pillsbury relighted his cigar, after the correspondent had retired, and lay back on the bed, his hands hooked behind his neck.

"Don't you think I'm a pretty muscular predictor, Ben?" he asked. Then he added quickly, "But we really have got 'em if we can only hold old Bisbee through this last night. Crosby has his herd picketed all right. The Democratic Senators told him in the beginning that they would follow him through if he would pledge us six Senators out of the wreck of his party. He has held his crowd despite Moody and it's a good chore. With Bisbee we have just sixteen Senators for Crosby. I don't believe Moody can trip us, still——" Pillsbury took a long draw on his rank cigar—"it's a case of 'watch Moody.' What time is it, Ben? You look. I'm too comfortable."

"It's getting late," said the Warden, "it's after ten."

"We must call on the Governor," cried Pillsbury, throwing himself off the bed. "And we'll drop around past old Bisbee's room. Every time I think of him I feel scared, I don't know why. He's too honest to deal with politicians."

As the Warden and Pillsbury walked away the latter asked, "Do you know Bisbee?"

"I've seen him, that's all," said the Warden.

"Well, he's a farmer now, but he used to be a Free-Will Baptist minister. His mind is just as flabby and loose-jointed as his body is. He means well—too well—and he has no business in politics. Fitt Moody has scared and teased him away from us half a dozen times. We have just as regularly gone round and straightened him into line again. He is a Democrat and wants to stay with his

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colleagues. He comes up into the collar pretty readily at sound of the party whip. But Moody can always get him to crying when he pictures the evils of intemperance and the woes of drunkards' families. Then Fitt will appeal to him to cast his vote for the suffering women and children, and the first thing Bisbee knows he has deserted his party once more. This time, seeing that the clinch is so near, we have not only repledged the old man, but we have put a friend of his at the door to make him stay pledged. We're going to have his vote to-morrow if we have to crate him and carry him to his seat."

The Governor's room was in another part of the hotel. Pillsbury rapped on the door and a nervous voice cried, "Come in!" His Excellency sat in a high-backed rocking-chair. Being in office he had the requisite nine points in the law, and the Democrats who had managed this campaign of castigation had gripped him as the handiest whip in reach. Even Pillsbury with the popular plurality behind him agreed that, with the contest narrowed to the strictly machine elements and sentiments of the Legislature, Crosby, the clean Republican deserted by his party, was the Democrats' best weapon.

"Ah, Pillsbury, it is you, is it?" and his Excellency craned his neck to peer into the shadow beyond the yellow circle of his reading lamp. "And Warden Bennett, too! Have chairs, gentlemen Now, Pillsbury, have you any reason to change the last figures?"

The Governor held a strip of cardboard in his hand. On it were two parallel rows of pencilled names. The surface of the board was grimed with much erasing. His Excellency's pencil ran down the line till the tip rested on the name "Bisbee." Pillsbury's keen eye noted the pencil's quest.

"We've got the old man finally pledged and corralled," the politician volunteered. "We could hear him in his room praying as we came by, and we have stationed an angel at the door to see that the devil doesn't have any more chance to come whispering at his elbow."

"No intimidation—no intimidation, Pillsbury," expostulated the Governor.

"That's just what we are trying to prevent," said the manager. "The intimidation end of this thing is when Fitt Moody gets at that weak old squealer. Temperance reform arguments melt him down, make him forget Moody's private record and then Moody jams him into the die and leaves him cooling."

"So that now," commenced the Governor, nervously working his toes in and out of his scoots, "we certainly have——"

"We have sixteen men in the Senate to bank on to-morrow, and a margin of one is as good as a dozen if the combine holds. I'll tell you what our final decision is, Governor. Our ten Democrats are going for you in a body if we are certain that you can be elected. Otherwise we shall throw blanks and not commit ourselves. But that is our last resort. We have arranged to put Harlow of Franklin on the balloting committee. He is going to take the box to Bisbee first of all. If Bisbee sticks with us and throws his vote for you, Harlow is to give a signal, and the Democrats will wheel into line behind him."

"I cannot ask for anything more liberal than that," assented the Governor, lifting off his nose-glasses and wiping his forehead.

"A moment more, Governor. We want you to make martyrs of all the Democratic office-holders in this State."

"You don't mean——"

"I mean that as soon as you take the oath of office you are to turn out every Democrat that holds an appointive or executive office."

"Oh, my dear Pillsbury," the Governor almost wailed, "those terms are hard, very hard—too hard. If I am elected it will be largely by Democratic votes."

"Your Excellency," Pillsbury said firmly, rising and standing before the Governor, "if you appoint Democrats or retain Democrats in office it will at once be said that the whole thing is a corrupt bargain for spoils. We want that aspersion to stick to Moody and his gang and not to the straight Democratic party of this State. The Moody crowd is showing that it can't afford to wait decently for division. But the Democratic party can't afford to spoil its prospects now for the sake of a few offices during the next two years. And we are not going to do it! The whip is out. If it glances back and cuts your hide it's too bad, but it can't be helped. It's politics. We have made an alliance with you simply to defeat that blasted traitor who has betrayed us and is trying to wreck his party. I therefore insist on the conditions I have named and I want your solemn promise."

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The Governor didn't reply directly, but his downcast look indicated that he accepted the harsh conditions tacitly.

The Warden and Pillsbury had opened the door to leave when a telegraph messenger, skating along the corridor, nearly bumped into them. Pillsbury took the envelope.

"For you, Governor," he said and signed the book while his Excellency tore the envelope. He passed the paper, crackling in his nervous grasp, to the party manager. It was dated from a distant city in the State, Moody's home, and was unsigned. But Pillsbury knew that the message was the result of a leakage in the telegraph office. He had bored the hole himself. This was the wire:

"McCrillis wired here nine thirty that Moody sure of election."

McCrillis was Moody's lieutenant. When Bennett in his turn saw the despatch he sneered. "Moody's old dodge," said he. But Pillsbury was grave. "Ben," said he, "I know Moody better than you. He never boasts wantonly. He's got a new bind and we've got to find it. Bet a dollar against a knot-hole they've joggled old jelly-fish Bisbee again."

"You aren't fit to watch beans grow."

The man who lounged in the corridor before Bisbee's door averred that no one had tried to enter within the hour. "The old man is still praying," said he, jabbing his thumb toward the transom.

Pillsbury walked softly along to the door and listened. After a moment he cautiously pushed up his cane and tilted the transom on its axis. He stood with his back close against the door and gazed up into the makeshift mirror. Then he tiptoed back to where the two men were standing.

"Jeffreys," hissed he in an angry whisper, "you aren't fit to watch beans grow. There are two men in that room with Bisbee. If I'd had the barroom moved up into this corridor I could have kept you here, perhaps."

"I haven't left this corridor to-night," expostulated Jeffreys, "so you want to cut your jawing out. I've got about as much interest in this matter as you, Pillsbury." Jeffreys was a member of the House and had been promised the State land agency.

"But they're there," persisted Pillsbury, still angry.

"May be angels who came unawares," observed the Warden. "What do they look like?"

"One is the chaplain of the Senate and the other is a temperance league parson, if I am any judge. You know as well as I that the chaplain is Moody's hired man. We've lost Bisbee again sure as Union River doesn't run up hill."

He stalked along to the door and rapped loudly. There was a moment's silence and then the stammering voice of Bisbee asked "Who is it?"

"It's Pillsbury. I want to see you for a moment."

"Couldn't you—couldn't you excuse me to-night, my dear Pillsbury? I am really very tired and I am just about retiring. I truly would appreciate it if you would come around in the morning."

"My business is very important, Senator Bisbee, and I'll bother you only for a moment. Please open up." Pillsbury twisted the door-knob impatiently. There was a pause. Then Bisbee said quaveringly, "Brother Pillsbury, you must excuse me, truly. Everything is all right with me, I assure you."

Pillsbury leaned back and fairly shouted at the transom, "Bisbee, you lie."

At the sound of this fierce ejaculation a dozen of Bisbee's county colleagues, who roomed in his vicinity, came thumping out of bed.

"It's Bisbee again—same thing," snarled Pillsbury, sententiously, in answer to hasty questions. A half-score men, clad only in trousers and night-gear, grouped themselves before Bisbee's door and thumping their bare feet in unison to mark time roared over and over again, "Sold—sold—sold—sold."

Others were clamoring, "Open the door, Bisbee!"

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When at last the key clicked, the men pressing against the door drove it open so suddenly that Bisbee, trembling, fat and flabby, fell staggering back in a sitting posture onto the bed. A fleeting, frightened rage nerved him to order them out. They laughed in his face. They were following the lead of Pillsbury. That observant captain hastened to an open window and placed his hand on the end of a ladder.

"What sort of visitors do you have that clamber into the sheepfold by another way?" demanded the politician. Bisbee's eyes fell. Pillsbury continued.

"We are here because we have a right to be here as men to whom you have pledged your allegiance on your honor. If you can swear to us now and here that you haven't shifted that allegiance we'll retire. Can you do it?"

The circle of men surrounding the bed fixed a concerted and menacing stare on the Senator. He choked and stammered and ran a fat finger slowly over the pattern of the cheap bed-spread.

"Are you square with us, Bisbee,—say?" persisted Pillsbury.

Finally the Senator stammered, looking at the floor, "I'll admit I did pledge myself on party lines. But I tell you it is hard. God and my conscience lead me to support the principles of—of——"

"That is to say, you finally think you ought to vote for Moody and his temperance platform?"

"Brother Pillsbury, that is truly the way I feel."

The men in the room groaned satirically.

"And you think that Fitt Moody, because he tells you so, is going to close all the saloons in this State and make homes happy, eh?"

"Well, I feel——"

"The pastor of your church, one of those temperance leaders, has been here to-night, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he has," the Senator declared with more firmness than he had yet shown.

"I knew it. Now, Senator Bisbee," said Pillsbury with decision, "we have threshed this whole matter out with you time and again. Principle and conscience are all right theoretically, but just now we are down to practical politics. So far as principle goes, Fitt Moody doesn't care any more for temperance than a bull frog does for tooth powder. You vote with us to-morrow, as you've agreed, or else stand by for a dose of party discipline that will drive you out of this State, a disgraced man. Good night."

The intruders filed out silently.

"The trouble with Bisbee is he's trying to be honest," said Pillsbury in the corridor. "He has an idea he ought to be on the side of any and all reform movements now he's in the State Senate. Moody has worked on him until he is nigh crazy. On account of his weakness the poor old puff-ball has become the pivotal point in this whole fight. Pity him, gentlemen, but stand ready to break his infernal back if he ducks us."

"The circle of men . . . fixed a concerted and menacing stare on the Senator."

The crush in the Senate chamber the next forenoon was such that those Senators who were seated on the outer edge of the crescent, were fairly driven from their chairs by the prodding elbows of the spectators who had been admitted to standing room. Every politician of note in the State was there. The Senate's little gallery was stuffed so full of women that they fairly hung over the rail like limp flowers in a vase.

——"And on motion by the Senator from York the Senate will now proceed to ballot for Governor," cried the President. Then the uneasiness among the Senators broke out into a commotion.

"Where's old Bisbee?" was the whisper running from man to man in the Democratic ganglion knotted at one side of the desk.

The aged Senator wasn't in sight. Harlow already had his box in hand to receive the ballots, and stood staring about him.

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"The ballot, the ballot!" the Moody men shouted, increasing their clamor every moment. But the Democrats possessed the organization of the Senate. The President, bethinking himself of a resource, glanced arounds with stern aspect and said that the crush in the chamber was impeding the progress of business and that it would be necessary to clear the room partially ere the ballot could be taken. He ordered the doorkeepers to do their duty. Under cover of the resulting confusion out rushed four Senators in search of the recreant Bisbee. Lobbies, State departments, library, cloakrooms and even the executive chambers were invaded and searched. No Bisbee! Echoing dully from the Senate chamber above there followed the hoarse, insistent roar of the Moody chant, "The ballot, the ballot—we want the ballot!" Even a Democratically complaisant President could not hold that body at bay much longer. The searchers redoubled their exertions. In one of the deserted lower halls of the State House a young man, leaning against a column, suddenly inquired of the cursing coterie:

"Are you looking for a fat man with whiskers like this?" indicating the same by a downward stroke of his hand. "Well, I saw him go into that room there with another man." The youth pointed to an obscure lobby.

One of the Senators twisted the knob. The door was locked. He peered below the handle. The key was on the inside. No answer was returned to their requests and commands to open.

Without delay the four men stepped back and against the door they crashed in a running drive. The barrier went off its hinges in a rain of splinters. In the apartment Bisbee was disclosed, blinking in alarm. With him was McCrillis. The members of the relief expedition had no time to waste in words. They grabbed Bisbee, two on each arm, and hustled him in the direction of the Senate chamber. McCrillis, following, plucked at their hands, shouting, "Outrage!"

Down the central aisle of the chamber, through the elbowing press of the populace, the missing Senator was rushed and finally plumped into a seat. The four colleagues stood about him breathless and uncompromising.

Bisbee's first act was to glance apprehensively along the circle of faces staring at him. His eyes lighted on his quest, the supercilious countenance of "Lion" Moody.

"Uh-uh-I couldn't help it, Mr. Moody," he almost blubbered, his excitement and the unwonted exertion nearly overcoming him. A hoarse laugh greeted this naïve exposure of Moody's methods. The laugh stung the latter, a quick, hot-tempered man under all circumstances.

"You couldn't help any one, you fat-headed flub," he snarled. Bisbee's face grew yellow white.

"We sort of caught you this time, Moody," sneered one of the Crosby men.

"If I had wanted to catch you or any of your gang," retorted the Lion, "I would have set a bear trap down here in some barroom."

The President's gavel banged imperatively. "The Senate will come to order," he cried.

"The missing Senator was rushed and finally plumped into a seat."

Bisbee sat clutching his beard and studied the surrounding faces with furtive, angry look. Moody glared at him with haughty contempt; his colleagues were regarding him with undisguised resentment. When Harlow came along with the box a Democratic

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Senator pushed a Crosby ballot into the old man's hand and hissed, "See if you know enough to throw that in the box."

Like the prod of a goad in galled flanks after the load has been tugged to its place, was that jeer. The desperate fury of a weak nature swept over Bisbee. His own consciousness of the rectitude of his motives in his struggle to meet the warring requirements demanded of him now stood out in his mind against the picture of the misunderstandings, insults and assaults he had dumbly endured for so many weeks. The most conscientious, prayerful man in the cheap politicians who had practically sold their votes, as he and every one else knew. With the rage of this injustice throbbing in his head he struggled to his feet.

"Gentlemen——" he began.

"No debate," came a great shout in jagged unison.

"But I——"

"Vote—vote—no debate!" The clamor drowned his voice.

But Senator Bisbee, the worm, had turned so vigorously that it was difficult to recognize him in this looming, intense, fierce, glaring creature who leaped upon his chair and lift-

"'I want to tell all of ye that both sides are reprobates and scoundrels.'"

whole Senate-body, he now perceived himself ignominiously scorned and shamed publicly. By trying to do just right as his conscience directed, by trying to be independent and honest in opinion he found that he had come to be regarded even far below those

ing clinched hands above his head fairly screamed down the uproar directed against him.

"Debate or no debate, rules or no rules," he yelled, "I want to tell all of ye that both sides are reprobates and scoundrels. You

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don't know how to respect an honest man—you can't treat him decent."

There were shrill hoots now. The Senator didn't regard them, but screamed with final energy:

"I will stay honest. I say as a Christian may say it, d-— the politics and politicians of this State."

He tore from the bottom of his ballot a blank strip of paper and tossed the neuter into the box.

"There's my ballot," he fairly shrieked, with the veins big in his neck. "Much good it may do your iniquity!"

Then he tottered and crumpled down in a palpitating, flabby heap, stricken with apoplexy.

The box with the pathetic blank strip went round midst an intense silence. Men voted with grim, expressionless faces. Then in silence yet more breathless the ballots were counted.

One slip was scrutinized and scrutinized again by the committee holding a mumbling colloquy, leaning with heads together over the desk, and then this result was announced:

Whole number of votes	31
Adam P. Crosby	15
Lafitte G. Moody	14
Lafayette P. Moody	1
Blank	1

The murmur of surprise increased in volume until a roar of voices swept over the crowded Senate chamber. A cheer was started, but it was only a jagged and uncertain one. Moody leaned from the window recess, his dark face flushed, his deep eyes burning.

"I challenge that ballot," he shouted above the roar, forgetting in his excitement that he was but a spectator. A thin man with the sneering features of a dyspeptic was standing and flapping his hand at the President to attract attention.

"The Senator from Palymra," recognized the President, pounding for order.

"That ballot needn't be challenged by any man," rasped the Senator from Palymra "I will inform Mr. Moody through the chair that I myself threw that ballot, and there's no man knows what Mr. Moody's name is any better than I. And if Mr. Moody feels like pushing his inquiries I will show him that name attached to some letters whose publication could drive him out of this State.

"I told my associates three weeks ago, Mr. President, that I would vote for Moody. I said so in order that I might not be driven insane by my party. I said so also to put a crumbling staff in the hand of that man there," pointing to the candidate. "I have voted for 'Moody' as I said I would. As for *what* Moody, that's my own business."

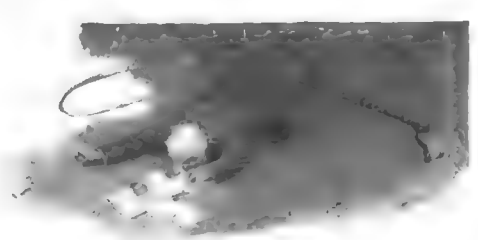
Then forgetting all rules of the dignified body of which he was a member, the Senator screamed, vibrating his fist at the man in the window recess, "Some men in my place, Fitt Moody, would have killed you long ago for what you have done to me and mine. But I have you just where I want you, where I can see you, you miserable whelp, licked to a standstill after you have spent every dollar you had in the world. And I licked ye for Governor, Fitt Moody, I—licked—ye!"

The Senator, his bony hands grasping his desk's edge, sank back slowly into his chair, his gleaming eyes staring out of a ghastly white face at an equally white and ghastly face in the window recess. It was so still that the antagonists' breathing could be heard.

But the tense silence, just as it seemed unendurable, was broken by a deep, solemn, resonant voice that rolled over the heads of the throng from the rear of the chamber.

The Democratic Attorney-General of the State, standing on a chair, was speaking. His huge bulk was stretched to its utmost height. He extended an arm as sturdy as an oak limb, straight at Moody.

"Gaze there, gentlemen," boomed the Attorney-General. "By the help of God and weak instruments thus does the Democratic party execute such traitors."



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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

PIETRO MASCAGNI AND HIS LIBRETTISTS.

Mascagni on the right of the two librettists of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

TO be very poor, unrecognized, homeless; then to write an opera and win world-wide fame—this is the tune we like in our musical heroes. Pietro Mascagni, therefore, only thirty-one, witty, clever, with a fondness for English dress and customs, is an agreeable figure to contemplate. In dire poverty, roaming about the little towns of Italy, his greatest possession the ability to play six instruments well—that was Mascagni at twenty-six. While musical director in the little town of Cerignole, with a salary of some twenty dollars a month, he happened to read in a newspaper that a great musical publisher was offering the splendid sum of $600 as a prize for the best original operetta. There were but six weeks to compose it in. Mascagni fell to work. But he had no libretto. The young man appealed to two of his friends and they seized upon a novel—Verga's story, "Cavalleria Rusticana"—and from it brought forth a libretto. Then came days of anxious, weary waiting. But at last (in March of 1890) Mascagni won the first prize. It was not until May of the same year that his opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," was produced at Rome amid storms of applause and a triumph of praise. The young musical director of Cerignole had won fame and fortune at one stroke.

Mascagni is coming to America this year to lead his famous opera.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

MISS CLARA BARTON.

A LITTLE woman, rather undersized, with soft brown eyes, thin gray hair, a strong mouth, and with tiny, delicate hands,—such is the appearance of Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross League, who for the past forty years has probably had a more intimate knowledge of death, of human suffering and misery, than any other living woman. Through three great wars, through endless scenes of disaster, this gentle, quiet-voiced woman has toiled, bringing order out of chaos, relieving the pain, calming the terrors of the living, and giving the dignity of decent burial to the dead. Not America only, but all Europe has acknowledged her services to humanity, and among her most prized possessions are personal gifts from Queen Victoria, from the Queen of Italy, from Queen Nathalie, and from the Grand Duchess of Baden. She is also a member of the Prussian Order of Merit—an honor bestowed on her at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. No other living woman has so many works of mercy to her credit. Miss Barton recently received a very graceful compliment from the Czar. When she was presented to him, and was about to kiss his hand, the ruler of the Russias shook hands with her warmly instead, and said, "Not you, Miss Barton."

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

GABRIELLE RÉJANE.

FORTY years of age, bright, captivating, the idol of Paris, and the wife of M. Porel, the manager of the Paris *Vaudeville*, Gabrielle Réjane, next to Sarah Bernhardt the greatest living French actress, comes to America this year for the second time. While a pupil at the Conservatoire she attracted the attention of the famous critic, Francisque Sarcey, who insistently pointed out her talents. With his encouragement, she strove hard for the first prize, and was broken-hearted at receiving only the second. Sarcey openly charged the Directory with injustice, and started a controversy that hardly ended until Madame Réjane had made her successful début at the *Vaudeville*. Her repertoire is large, including "La Robe Rouge;" "Sappho," written for her by Daudet; "Ma Cousine;" "Lolotte;" "Madame attend Monsieur;" "La Passerelle," and "Zaza."

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

ELEANORA DUSE.

ELEANORA DUSE, the great Italian actress, who will again play in the United States this year, was leading lady at the age of twelve. When she was sixteen she won at Verona a real triumph as *Juliet*, passing from one success to another. It was in New York that she received what she considers one of the greatest compliments ever paid her. At the end of one of her marvelous emotional scenes in *Fedora*, the natural burst of applause was hushed, so completely was her audience under the illusion she had created.

A pretty illustration of her generosity appeared last year. Duse signed a contract for a tour of South America, involving a forfeit of about $10,000. When her young daughter, fearing the effect of a South American trip on the actress' health, objected to the contract, Duse replied: "If you do not wish me to go, go I will not." And go she did not, cheerfully paying the $10,000.

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THE ORIGINAL WORKINGS OF THE DEBEERS DIAMOND MINES AT KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.

THE CRŒSUS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The quiet, fortune-amassing career of Alfred Beit, who controls the De Beers Mines, is the largest diamond merchant in the world, and whose millions cannot be measured.

By Chalmers Roberts.

CECIL RHODES was dead, and people were saying that Alfred Beit was worth $375,000,000, when a visitor at Ostend noticed an unprepossessing little man he knew slightly playing earnestly at "petits chevaux." A little later he met his acquaintance leaving the Casino, and the first thing the little man said was:

"What do you think? I have just won $50."

It was Alfred Beit, who, while Rhodes lived, worked tirelessly in the shadow of the greater man and in partnership with him, and who is now the head and front of the South African mine-owners. And the incident sums up his career.

It took England a long time to realize the part South Africa was to play in the history of the Empire. Events must be crystallized into catch-phrases to appeal to slow-working British minds. But the return of the Rand millionaires appealed to London, the brain of England. I remember a joke in a comic opera of three or four years ago which seemed to break into the public mind as a startling truth. One character said something about the limits of London society. Another answered: "There have been no limits to London society since gold was discovered in South Africa."

One by one these men, for the most part with foreign names and accents (they some-times changed the names to plain English ones), had bought houses

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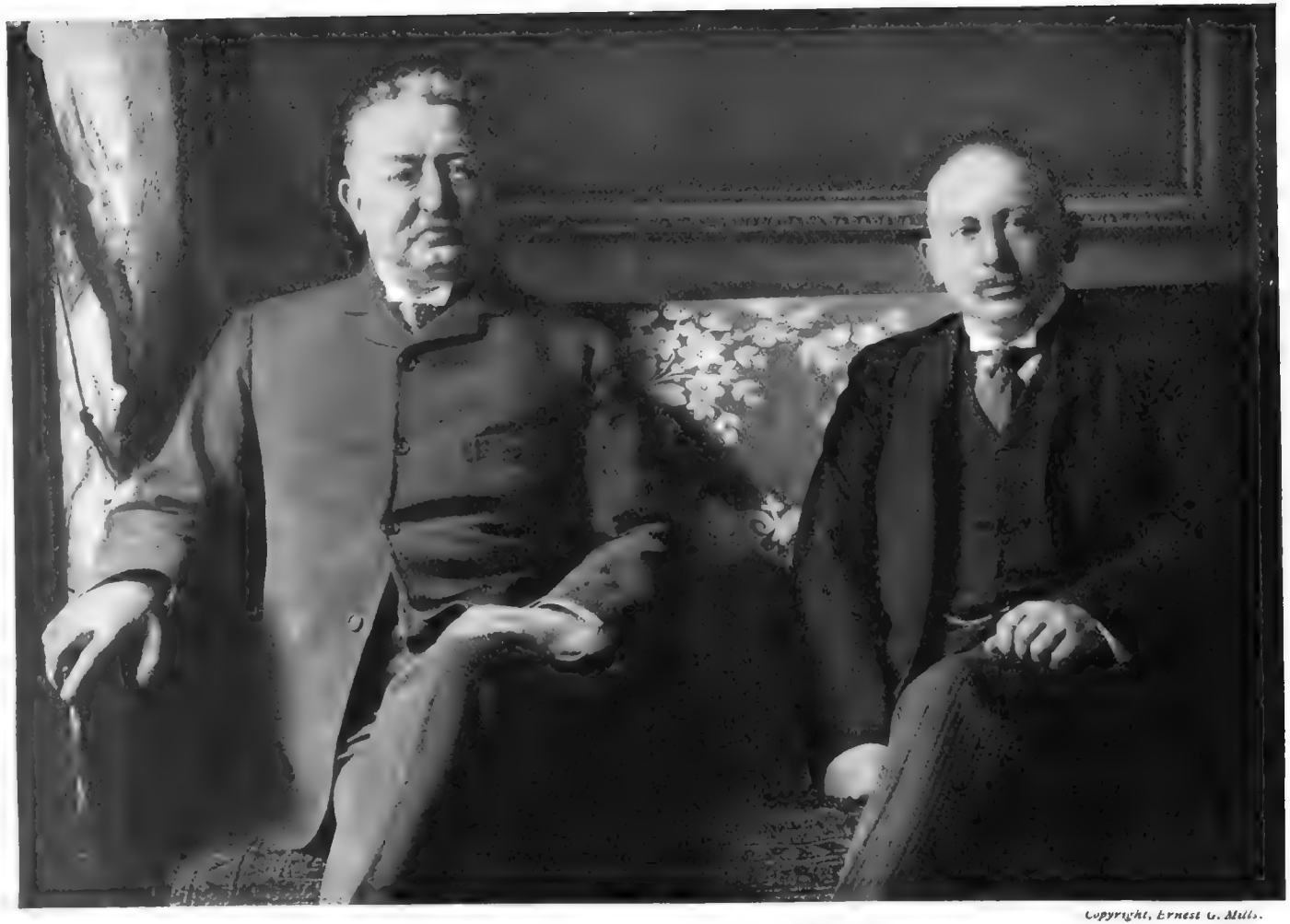

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THE LATE CECIL J. RHODES AND HIS PARTNER, ALFRED BEIT.

Mr. Rhodes's last portrait, taken in 1901, before leaving England.

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in Park Lane or its exclusive neighborhood, had opened offices in the city with seats on the Stock Exchange until in numbers and wealth and power they dominated the London world. If the movement had rested there dowager heads might shake over the fall of oldtime pride, but to the real world which works such things matter little.

These gilded gentlemen, however, demanded and obtained greater influence, wider power. They knew their world better than to seek entrance into the close corporation proudly calling itself a government of gentlemen. They were also too clever to seek to introduce ordinary methods of bribery into what, with all its faults, is probably the cleanest government in the world. By means hitherto successful in the stock market, they committed England to their purposes. It is an old game on 'change to entangle an unwilling participant with unsuspected side projects until he is so bound up he must go forward with the general enterprise. This is what the South African millionaires did with the British Government. The Jameson raid was judged a sad failure, but it bent British pride, determination and British hope to its purpose. Without the raid there would now have been no war and no British supremacy in South Africa. To the mining manipulator it has brought to the protection of his enormous interests the safe and complacent rule he set out to obtain.

While it was not true that the Government was wholly instigated in making the war by the mine-owners, their work had created the population which the Boers certainly oppressed. And opponents of the war, when it finally came, heaped joint charges upon the heads of state and the South African mining syndicates. The abused naturally stood near together. Very recently, during a Parliamentary inquiry into refrigerating contracts for the army in South Africa, it was asked what security the Government had required for the fulfilment of these enormously profitable contracts. A member of the Cabinet replied: "We had the personal word of Messrs. So and So, This and That and So Forth (all South African millionaires) and we considered that sufficient in our haste and need." The South African mine-owners created the enormous interests which in the long run made that war necessary. They

THE FLOORS.

De Beers diamond mines.

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form a colony which may be called the feature of life in the West End of London today. So numerous have been their purchases in Park Lane, that the former holy of social holies has changed character as a place of residence. For there are still people who admit their power but decline their acquaintance. It was undoubtedly Park Lane which made Pretoria possible.

Alfred Beit was born about forty-five years ago, of a well-known family in Hamburg. He rose from no picturesque poverty. There may not have been the proverbial golden spoon in his mouth, but he lacked nothing to make him the able man he has become, not even a university education, which as a rule is not given to future financiers. He served a long apprenticeship to a banker in his native city, and gave no sign of future possibilities. His apprenticeship over, he set out for South Africa about the time his present partner, Wernher, did, and belonged to a marked influx of Hebrew financiers. His first work was done in Kimberley. There the foundations of his great fortune were laid.

Closely as these financial men have been associated with Rhodes, their methods were different. They bought up claims on all hands from disappointed and ruined prospectors, while Rhodes's policy was always to consolidate claims in such a way that he would own controlling interests. The one method shows a bald desire for ownership, the other a confidence in being able to control men. It was in 1889 that Rhodes consummated his great consolidation of the diamond mines of Kimberley, still spoken of as one of the boldest financial feats of modern times. For a while the risks taken and the money borrowed were sufficient to have spread ruin over all of South Africa if the deal had failed. But it did not fail, and from that time on the fortunes of Rhodes and Beit were indissoluble in that part of the world. Beit did not go to Johannesburg, but he sent one of his partners, H. Eckstein, there as his agent, and in this way the business now known as the Rand Mines, Ltd., and in which Beit is still by far the largest shareholder, began. He has only been on the Rand three or four times, but on one of his

MR. ALFRED BEIT'S HOUSE IN PARK LANE, LONDON.
The decorations shown are for the King's coronation.

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WASHING PLANT.

SEARCHING TABLES. DEBEERS DIAMOND MINES, KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.

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later visits he did a thing strangely out of harmony with his retiring personality, and which caused new stories of South African extravagance to circulate. He gave a fancy-dress ball to three hundred friends in Johannesburg, one of the most sumptuous affairs ever seen, where every lady present was given a diamond of over a carat in weight.

The beautiful bungalow-shaped house in Park Lane also is built with such a waste of valuable ground space that people suppose it to be a part of a desire for extravagant prominence. Yet no one who has met the owner, or tried to meet him, can fail to understand how unjust such an estimate is. There never was a more quiet, retiring man. I have often seen him enter one of the great modern restaurants where display is as great an object as food, and have seen him sit quietly in a corner sipping a lemonade, as if champagne were far beyond his means. One hears of him much more often than one sees him. He has bought another old master; he has made a large subscription to the syndicate which, through Lady de Grey, runs the Royal Opera at Covent Garden; he has made some very large gift to this charitable purpose or that—in fact, he is as inevitable as the morning paper at the breakfast table. But this is as far as the familiarity goes. No one knows what he eats for his own breakfast, a secret which no American millionaire could keep long.

Those who do come to know him find him personally a very sunny-tempered man, well read, well travelled, well groomed by no means the typical millionaire of fiction or the stage. He has keen artistic tastes, as his house well proves. His picture gallery is supposed to contain one of the best collections in London. The house, which is in no way overdone, as London mansions so often are, holds a collection of Louis Seize furniture which is said to be unequaled. There is a well-authenticated anecdote connected with the building of the house which shows the owner's position toward the great men of home growth in London. In building here he became a ground tenant of the late Duke of Westminster, the richest peer in England. The agents of the Duke made so many provisions and requirements about the site that Beit's patience was nearly exhausted; the elevations were to be such as would not interfere with the views from Grosvenor House (the Duke's own residence), the stables were to be located in such a position as not to be a nuisance to other adjoining property of his Grace, etc., etc. Finally he received a note saying: "The Duke of Westminster expects Mr. Beit to spend a minimum sum of £10,000 on the house to be erected on his ground." In the reply Mr. Beit begged leave to inform his Grace that he intended to expend the sum mentioned on his stables.

A sign of the artistic temperament, not usually supposed to belong to millionaires, is his nervous, high-strung disposition. This is by no means attuned to the rush of business life, and he often has to go away for months from the cares of Bishopgate Street. Sometimes he has gone yachting in the Mediterranean with Dr. Jameson, at others he has visited Mr. Rhodes at deer forests in the Highlands. Ostend also frequently sees him for a few days of sea air in the hot weather.

Another view of the man of sentiment instead of the man of affairs is the yarn of an old soldier who first met Beit at Tuli in 1891. The soldiers had organized a great camp-fire in honor of Lord Randolph Churchill. There were songs and dancing, and the party wound up with grilled bones and champagne at 2 A. M. The others turned in, but Beit, aroused by the doings of the evening, kept the soldier man up to talk. With every evidence of determination Beit said:

"After this, the trooper's life for me—no more sordid money-making in mine. The life of a millionaire doesn't pay for the trouble and the anxiety from morning till night. It is by no means what it is cracked up to be, and men make a great mistake in seeking it. Now, not one of your troopers has a moment of worry from dawn till sunset."

The trooper tried to temper the ambition of the millionaire by at least advising that he would find the life of an officer more suited to his mode of life.

"No," said Beit, "your officer is too ambitious and too keen to get on. He wastes as much time in schemes for promotion as I do making money. No; I'll be a common soldier or none at all."

Fortunately, or otherwise, the morning brought better counsel, and the British Army lost the chance of an interesting experiment.

In appearance Mr. Beit is much below the average height, and when he was seen in company with Mr. Rhodes the contrast between them was almost ludicrous. This contrast

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existed mentally as well as physically, for Mr. Beit is as thorough and precise as Mr. Rhodes was general and heedless of detail. He is very blond, with prominent eyes of steel blue. As to apparel he is so dapper as to be almost a dandy, yet he has acquired the Englishman's lack of consciousness of his clothes, which makes that gentleman the best-dressed man in the world. He speaks with a pronounced German accent when he speaks at all, which is seldom. In fact, the man's whole life seems as quiet as his manner. One naturally wonders what use he can find for his splendid home. He seems to entertain little: a dinner party of gentlemen is what one hears of most often. It is perhaps this fine home which provokes gossip-mongers to provide it often with a prospective mistress. Few months pass during which one does not hear of Mr. Beit's rumored engagement to this lady or that. Those who know him best say that he will in all probability never marry. But Mr. Beit is not a woman-hater; and as for the ladies—well, once a man gets the reputation of giving away carat diamonds at his dinner parties obviously he need not run after the ladies. Nor is there any doubt that the pick of the marriage market in Mayfair might be his.

Although the fortunes of Rhodes and Beit began with the consolidation of the DeBeers Diamond Mines in Kimberley, their subsequent careers tell the tale of two different temperaments. The one, as soon as he had money enough, left off fortune-making and began the furtherance of his ideal schemes for enlarging the British Empire. The other will never reach the point where he has money enough, for as far as people know he has no definite purpose beyond. Certainly he does not show social ambition and one never hears him mentioned as a candidate for a peerage at the hands of his friend the King, although other financiers of alien birth are both mentioned and rewarded. Since the death of Rhodes, what with his own paramount holdings and his position as chief executor of Rhodes's will, Beit is practically the great DeBeers company. It is perhaps the one case in which the Rothschilds are content to be in the minority, although their holdings in DeBeers are enormous. Beit not only owns the largest interest in the mines, but he is also the largest diamond merchant in the world, sells in High Holborn the stones which are mined under his direction at Kimberley, and upon their output sells shares in Bishopgate Street. So where Rhodes's fortune stopped at some $30,000,000 Beit's accumulation goes on and on until no man can really compute it. Having obtained a majority interest in DeBeers and the best holdings in the Johannesburg gold fields, consolidated under the name of Rand Mines, Limited, he early secured control of the big copper mines in Rhodesia. Next he bought gold and silver mines in South America, Siberia and Korea, he bought the Oneida and Mariposa mines in California, and from Mrs. Hearst her share in the Anaconda copper mine. There are many other mining ventures not so well known, and Beit practically owns as well controlling interests in electric street railway systems in South Africa, Mexico, Chile and Portugal.

A mere calendar of his holdings is but again a list of his successes. Everything he touches seems to succeed. This need not be, however, charged to luck, for no one who ever sat with him on a board meeting failed to understand the great ability which directs so many diverse interests. In response to an inquiry put to one of his friends, when I wished to know if he were always as quiet and silent as when one met him in society, I heard that this is the one time when he is talkative—at a board meeting. Here he not only talks, but talks to the purpose and generally gets his way. But there is another secret of Mr. Beit's success which I have never seen sufficiently emphasized, but which he acknowledges freely enough. Wherever he acquires new interests there he sends not men of his own race, not Germans nor yet Englishmen, but Yankees, as he calls them, to look after and carry on his work. Wherever you visit Beit enterprises, in Portugal, or South America, or South Africa, or Australia, or Korea, or Siberia, the man you will find in charge, the man who is making it succeed, is an American Engineer. And this is characteristic of the man in another way. Following a racial characteristic long prominent in his people, he has always kept himself well in the background while others led men to fight for his ends. So toiling noiselessly away in the shadow he has amassed his millions until he is the Crœsus of South Africa where Rhodes stood the Colossus.

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THE BIG BONANZA FOUR.

The Romantic Careers of the Four Men Who Won the Greatest Fortunes from Western Mines—Stories Recalled by the Death of John W. Mackay.

By Edward H. Hamilton.

THE recent death of John W. Mackay in London and the tragedy which closed the life of Charles L. Fair in France, bring to memory one of the world's wonder stories of sudden fortune. For Mackay was the last of four men who rose with amazing rapidity from poverty to a position where they dominated the finances of California and Nevada, and left such an influence that in San Francisco men to this day speak their names with awe and seem to feel that a word of criticism will be followed by a crushing vengeance.

The men for whom Aladdin seemed to work his financial wonders were William S. O'Brien, James C. Flood, James G. Fair and John W. Mackay. All but Flood were born in Ireland, and he, though a native of New York, was of Irish parentage. Fair, who came from Clougher, County Tyrone, was a Protestant; O'Brien and Mackay from near Dublin, were, with Flood, Catholics.

Not one of them had more than the barest elements of an education, and their development of character under great wealth is an interesting study for those who like to speculate to what extent "money makes the man." O'Brien, Flood and Mackay came to America to make their fortunes, bringing little more than the clothing upon their backs and the health within their skins.

When Mackay came to America he worked for a ship-builder, William H. Webb, in New York. Fair went out to Geneva, Illinois, and then to Iowa, as a farm-hand; O'Brien had a small position in a New York dry-goods store; Flood was a wheelwright at Fort Hamilton. All but Mackay joined the great stampede to California in 1849. Mackay followed in 1853, and not one of them gave any evidence in the new country of exceptional ability or unusual luck. They mined with the other adventurers, but made no money, planned no enterprises, were not prominent figures in the busy life.

Mackay and Fair loafed about the mines. Flood and O'Brien, after having mined together unsuccessfully, formed a partnership in 1854 and opened a saloon called the "Auction Lunch," on Washington Street, San Francisco. This was not one of those "gilded palaces of sin" against which the prohibition orators inveigh, but a modest place near a big market, and the butchers, poultrymen and fish dealers formed a large proportion of its customers. The two men did not strut about in lordly proprietorship, showing to visitors paintings and bibelots, but they toiled behind the bar, affable to the humblest, eager to be popular, careful in their expenditures. If they dreamed of millions, they never by any chance told of their plans for winning them. They were just saloon-keepers. There was no outward and visible sign that they were intended by destiny for any other career.

O'Brien joined the volunteer fire department, and joyed in the excitements of conflagrations. But in the times of struggle and stress, the days when the Vigilantes upset the rotten fabric of the law to establish a firm structure of civic justice, there was no Flood and no O'Brien among the truly great leaders of the two uprisings.

Mackay was working his pan and rocker in Sierra County. There was no general demand that he run for sheriff. He stuttered in his speech, had no knack at singing a song or telling a story, and though generally well liked, was far from being a popular idol.

Fair, toiling for wages, restlessly prospecting or working up into superintendencies of small mines, was known as a man who had a knack at mechanics. He could mend things and work the primitive machinery of the early days; but he invented nothing except freaks of the imagination. He had a soothing "soft sawder" of the tongue. He was, moreover, a handsome man.

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And so the four lads went through the Fifties and part of the Sixties. Flood and O'Brien made and saved some money in their saloon business. They began to take little flyers in mining stocks. Sometimes luck was with them; sometimes not. They were not known as plungers nor as reckless speculators, but little by little it came to be told that they were doing fairly well.

When, in 1856 and 1859, James Finney, or Fennimore (nicknamed "Old Virginia"), and H. T. P. Comstock tickled the top of the great Comstock lode in Nevada there was no sound to give notice that Fortune had at last knocked at the doors of two saloonkeepers and of two poor miners in California. But the news of the "strike" spread rapidly in a land where mining was the great industry, and Mackay and Fair heard of it. Soon they were off to the new diggings, just as they had joined in other "rushes" when other reports had gone the rounds of the camps. Fair had a few thousand dollars, Mackay had to borrow the money to make the trip from Sierra County, California, across the mountains to the new mines.

Elkanah Kinney gave Mackay a chance in the Union Ground, north of the Ophir. There, with Alex. Kennedy and Jack O'Brien, he drove prospecting tunnels, but drove them to no purpose. The little money he had was soon gone, and he was forced to work as an ordinary miner and lumberman in the Mexican mine at four dollars a day.

Here he began to show himself in his true colors. Soon it was told that Mackay was the best timber man on the lode. He made his mines safe, and took out the pay ore a little better than anybody else. Still, when he talked of fortune, the extent of his ambition was to accumulate $25,000 that he might make his old mother's declining days comfortable and serene.

Fair had no "job" when he reached the Comstock; but Fair was a natural miner. The great lode offered him scope for his genius and he made his way. By 1865 he was superintendent of Ophir, and from that mine he went in a similar capacity to the Hale & Norcross. He saved his money, suspecting everybody, and showed a capacity for remembering details which was nothing short of marvellous.

When Fair and Mackay went to San Francisco they occasionally dropped into the "Auction Lunch." In 1863 Mackay had had some luck in the Kentuch mine and had raised himself a good deal above the common mine laborer. In 1864 he formed a connection with Flood and O'Brien, and they began speculating together, Mackay furnishing tips from the mines; Flood buying and selling the stocks on the San Francisco exchange. J. M. Walker, a brother of that Walker who was once Governor of Virginia, was associated with them at that time, and to the casual observer Walker was quite the most likely one of the lot to command great fortune. Soon after this Fair came into the combination.

Fair knew the Hale & Norcross ground as no one else did. He advised that an effort be made to get control of the mine. Here Flood developed. He went into a battle with the shrewdest manipulators and richest men in the San Francisco stock market, and he won.

But even now the four did not seem destined for anything very great. To be sure, Flood and O'Brien were enabled to sell out their saloon in 1868 and to set up as manipulators of mining shares. The firm was a few hundred thousand dollars to the good, but their subsequent operations were so risky that Walker grew timid, wearied of putting up the assessments, and sold out. That was his great mistake. He died poor, although Mackay came to his rescue three times.

On the Comstock was some more or less undeveloped property held by several interests and known under several names. It became the Consolidated California and Virginia Mine. The firm of four went to work in prospecting this mine. They ran in from some of the old Gould & Curry workings, and for a long time the ground looked most discouraging. Then they came upon ore. Fair had it assayed.

"What do you think of it?" he asked of Steve Spindel, the shift boss, in his softest tones and most disarming manner.

"Well, it looks fairly good, but I don't think very much of it," was Spindel's reply.

"Neither do I, my boy. There's nothing here. We'll board it up and try elsewhere."

Fair thus found that the shift boss did not know the value of the ore. The knowledge was all his own and safe. He gave his associates information and told them to buy in all the stock. Flood worked shrewdly in San Francisco. He got the stock. Then the ledge was uncovered and the news given to the world. This was in 1874.

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Out of that Consolidated California and Virginia mine had been taken, up to the report of October, 1901, $132,769,038.70, of which $78,213,600 were paid in dividends. The knock which Fortune gave at the doors of the four Irish lads was rough enough and loud enough to have shaken down the throne of their reason There were stock fluctuations in the succeeding months which might have set almost any brain in a whirl But Flood grew in proportion to his wealth and he worked the stock market in San Francisco; Fair and Mackay stuck to Virginia City and worked the mines.

On Saturday, December 19, 1874, Consolidated Virginia stock closed at $240 a share; California at $225 Two days later Consolidated Virginia opened at $550 a share; California at $540. That firm of four men held about 70,000 shares of each mine, which means they had made $30,000,000 in a single day.

They used to draw $10 a share in monthly dividends from that body of ore which has gone into history as the "Big Bonanza." Is it any wonder that paragraphers wrote of how Fair could pay the national debt, or stated that the Czar of Russia had applied to Mackay to advance all the money for one of the Russian loans which had proved too heavy for the alarmed financiers of Europe?

Almost in a hand-turn the four Irish lads had become the "Big Four" richest men in all the great West, commanders of a stock market which fluctuated more wildly than any other in the world, and owners of mines whose output made the fabled Pactolian flood seem a puny trickle.

And yet there was not a spectacular one in the group, and only one who was at all out of the common run of every-day mankind.

William S. O'Brien had done little toward acquiring the fortune. He was a big, hearty, handsome Irishman, when poor, he was that and nothing more when rich. With a fancy for horses, a speedy mare and a buggy (kept at a livery stable) filled the measure of his desire for display in that direction. It was a pleasure for him to drive out to the Cliff House and spend an afternoon there playing cards. At night he was likely to be found playing cards at a saloon. "Cinch" and "Forty-fives" were his favorite games. A bachelor, he kept modest apartments, did not care to build a home, ate and drank heartily, and was kindly and generous without making notable gifts or donations. He liked to put his guests "under the table," and Flood said of him that he "was killing himself with his teeth," referring to his late suppers.

He did not live long to enjoy his great wealth. Flood's diagnosis proved true, and he died at San Rafael in May, 1878, leaving his fortune to his relatives. His fellows liked and mourned him, but to-day he is so far forgotten that it is hard to find anyone who recalls his deeds or characteristics.

Flood kept unswervingly to business. He was willing to pile millions on millions, and in that stock market, with Sharon, Ralston, Keene, Mills and similar men as rivals, competitors and enemies, it took all his mind and all his attention to keep on top. To fight the California "bank crowd" the new financial giants set up the Nevada bank and capitalized it at $10,000,000, a figure which at that time set the wires to ticking and startled the world.

Flood was the genius of that bank, and it came to be popularly believed that in stocks and business he never made a mistake. That was not true, however, for in what was known as the "Sierra Nevada Deal," the firm dropped nearly $5,000,000. In three months Sierra Nevada shares rose from $2 to $300 apiece. In two days they dropped from $300 to $40. That was a game in which even a financial giant might be hurt.

Outside his business, Flood was a "home body." He built a palace on Nob Hill and another in the country at Menlo. His habits were simple. He talked little and prided himself on his exquisite taste in brandy. He took no exercise and found his delight in battles of finance.

Then there came a time when he was induced to try a game which he did not know how to play. Fair had quarrelled with his partners, "settled up" with them, and left them in control of the bank. In 1886 Cashier Brander, acting on Mackay's tip that there was to be a war in Europe, induced Flood and Mackay to attempt a corner in wheat. And certain it is that they suddenly came to a knowledge of the fact that they stood to lose $14,700,000 and that their choicest securities were involved. They did lose about $13,000,000 and were forced to go to Fair, whom they hated, for money to save the bank. Fair took his

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pound of flesh and was made president of the bank until such time as he was paid off.

The blow killed Flood. He was ill at the time, and though he rallied surprisingly to meet the emergency, he died the next year, leaving a depleted, though still great estate.

James G. Fair was a wierd personality. Of all the four he was the most picturesque and the least loved. In fact, Fair was cordially hated, and some of his acts seem to belong to the domain of insanity. These acts were not financial. In the matter of money he was ever tireless in its pursuit and canny in its keeping.

He suspected everybody, even his partners. If he said he was going to the office, he was likely to be next heard of in Virginia City or New York. Drinking nothing and upholding temperance during the day, it was his habit to consume an entire bottle of brandy every night. He had no friend but his purse and boasted of the fact.

In his home was a sheep's picture by Rosa Bonheur. Once when a visitor admired it, Fair broke in with:

"Yes, it looks pretty good, but not as good as it did. You see that sheep whose head looks so natural-like? That fellow, Dick Dey, came up here the other night and ran a billiard cue right through that head. I had to take my paints and brushes and patch it up. You'd hardly know it had been injured, would you now?"

As a matter of cold fact, nothing whatever had happened to the picture. On another occasion he sat and told this to J. C. Martin, his attorney:

"When I was in New York I went down in the tunnel under the river there, and they couldn't work any more because the air was too much compressed. 'Get me an apple and I'll show you how to work in there,' I said. They got an apple. I just took a bite of it and stuck my head into that compressed air. As I swallowed the apple I swallowed the air, and when I'd made the pressure on the inside the same as it was on the outside, I took up a pick and showed them how to go to work."

Apparently to show that he was shrewder than his some time partners, he made an attempt to corner wheat in 1894. Of course he failed, and the experiment cost him some money. But when he died in the same year, his fortune must easily have been figurable at $20,000,000.

The story of the life of John W. Mackay has been too recently told to stand repetition here. Of all the "Big Four" he was the only one to broaden into a world figure. Not as able a miner as Fair, seemingly without the financial genius of Flood, and with no better start than O'Brien in the matter of education, he applied himself in such manner that he became a fit companion for the great men of the earth.

When the days of stock excitement in San Francisco had passed into story, Mackay sought other fields for investment. When in Europe, James Gordon Bennett and S. S. Chamberlain persuaded him to join in the trans-Atlantic cable project. For a time he felt that the cable fight would ruin him, but he stuck to it, and the Postal system is the result. At his death he was busy carrying forward his plans for a cable from San Francisco to Manila by way of Honolulu and Guam. To further that great enterprise he was willing to enter where others feared to tread, showing a financial dash and confidence born of his association with men of the largest affairs. No other one of that "Big Four" would have had the courage or resource for such an enterprise.

Mackay had a dislike for San Francisco. Once a crank shot him in the back while he was passing along an alley there. The jury held that the man was insane and refused to punish him. For this Mackay declined to improve his holdings on the city's principal street and permitted a vulgar exhibition to be conducted in a low theatre on the property. This is the only grievance the West has against him. For the most part men admired him and called him "Uncle John."

And so has passed away the last of the "Big Four." Generally speaking, their wealth has been much exaggerated. Basing their belief on such movements in the stock market as that of 1874 and the $10 dividends they once received monthly, men have asserted that one or the other of the four was worth $150,000,000. But unless Mackay accumulated great wealth after he left the Comstock mine and the San Francisco stock market, and after his disastrous deal in wheat, not one of them was ever in possession of $25,000,000. But they came up to some such figure as that from nothing and kept to the end a large part of what they made.

And with it all, neither California or Nevada can point to one great institution of art or education or charity and say: "That is an enduring monument to the 'Big Four.'"

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LIGHT-CURES: OLD AND NEW.

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK, Ph.D.

IT is no new idea that there is life and health in light. Our savage ancestors were quite right in looking on the sun as the great source of life, and it required no technical course in experimental science to tell them that a man, like a plant, would wilt away when kept in the dark. The progress of ideas along this line in modern times has been chiefly in two directions—the systematic utilization of light in combating specific disease and an attempt to localize the curative effects of light in some particular part of the spectrum. In both these directions experiments have the germ theory of disease to thank for showing them how light cures, and for suggesting methods for its utilization.

One of the most persistent advocates of plenty of sunlight as a necessity to health was the once famous Dr. Dio Lewis. In season and out of season he preached the gospel of sunshine, and he was one of the first to introduce the sun baths that afterwards came into general use. The tanned faces and arms of the up-to-date American girl are evidences that his view is now the popular one; and who can deny that our women are healthier, even if a trifle less "feminine" than the languishing, pale-and-interesting type of half a century ago?

AN OLD QUESTION: IS ONE COLOR MORE HEALTHFUL THAN ANOTHER?

At the present day an interesting successor to Lewis's sun-bath is the electric-light bath, where the patient sits in a box lined with incandescent lights, only his head protruding. The effect is stimulant and highly beneficial in many cases. In both these cases the curative agent is "whole" light undiluted and homogeneous. A little later than Lewis's day came the "blue-glass" craze—one of the most interesting fads of many years, now almost forgotten. About twenty-five years ago Gen. Alfred Pleasanton announced the theory that the health-giving rays of the sun were confined to the upper part of the spectrum, and that plants and men would both thrive better if kept in blue light. In a few months the country had blossomed out in blue from New York to San Francisco. Hot-houses turned from crystal to blue; blue panes alternated with the transparent ones in the windows of dwellings. One still runs across a relic of those days now and then in some out-of-the-way spot, in the shape of a checkered blue skylight or the like. The experiment was certainly tried on a large enough scale, but it was ineffective and the blue glass vanished as quickly as it came. There was a germ of truth in the craze, for it has recently been shown that the red rays are injuriously stimulative in eruptive diseases and of course the blue glass strained these rays out. It goes without saying that if there were simply health-giving qualities in the blue rays and no injurious ones in the red and yellow, ordinary light would be as effective as that which had passed through blue glass; for the glass introduces no new quality or color into the light; it only absorbs certain rays of the spectrum, allowing others to pass. If blue light, therefore, is more healthful than white, it must be because the remainder of the spectrum has an injurious effect.

We are not yet through with blue light, for an Austrian physician, Dr. Kaiser, has recently asserted, in a paper read before the Vienna Medical Society, that it is effective in reducing inflammation, allaying pain, and curing skin disease, especially by promoting absorption of morbid humors. He asserts that a beam from a powerful lantern after passing through blue glass, will kill cultures of various bacilli when directed upon them at a distance of fifteen feet for half an hour daily during six days. This he found to be true even when a human body intervened between the culture and the source of light. He believes that by exposing tuberculous patients to his blue ray he has effected marked improvement and even cure. It does not appear that he has checked his experiments by trying them with rays of other colors and with ordinary white light, and possibly the color of his beam has nothing to do with his results. If it has, as has been said before, it must be

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because the rays of the lower part of the spectrum, absorbed by the blue glass, are injurious in some way.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the blue and violet rays—the photo-active part of the spectrum—will penetrate the human body, for it is easy to print a photograph with them after they have traversed the body. Interesting results along this line have been attained by Drs. Gottheil and Franklin of New York. In noticing them the daily press has assured its readers that these investigators have succeeded in "photographing through the human body" and have exhibited reproductions of photographs alleged to be so taken. These are simply photographic prints made from negatives taken in the ordinary way. The negative and sensitive film are fastened together close to a person's body, on the other side of which the light falls. The rays that make the print must therefore pass through the body. The facts are wonderful enough as they are; it is unnecessary so to state them that the reader will wrongly believe that the negative was made when a person was standing between the camera and the object to be photographed. Of course the production of the print was not an end in itself, but merely a means of showing that the actinic rays of light can pass through the human body and that if these rays possess any healing effects they can be used to alleviate internal disease.

THE NEW ANSWER: THE ELECTRIC CURE.

After all, however, these theories and experiments are as nothing when compared with the wonderful work in photo-therapy that has been done and is now being done by Dr. Finsen of Copenhagen. He has used light chiefly in the treatment of skin diseases, but his success has been marked. In his institution at Copenhagen, which is now one of the sights of the city, he has treated nearly a thousand cases, in nearly all of which the application of light has been beneficial. In slight cases of blemish a few hours' treatment has sufficed to effect a cure, while in instances where a very large area of skin is affected, as in bad cases of lupus, or superficial tuberculosis, the treatment may require years, a square inch or two at a time being restored to a healthy condition.

Dr. Finsen has used both sunlight and artificial light, but he now confines himself chiefly to the electric arc, which is interesting to those who believe that the upper or blue-violet end of the spectrum is most effective. The arc, as we all know, is particularly rich in these rays. In Finsen's operating room there are four huge sources of light, so screened that the rays can issue only through instruments that look much like inverted telescopes. Of these there are four to each source of light, so that sixteen patients can be treated at once. Each treatment lasts an hour, during which time the concentrated beam of light is directed by an experienced nurse on that part of the face or body where it will do the most good, as the patient reclines on a padded stretcher beneath. The accompanying heat rays are absorbed by cells of distilled water and ammonia-sulphate of copper, and there are also light-filters to regulate the intensity of the ray. As the sulphate of copper has a very intense blue color it may play the part of the blue glass in intercepting red rays, although Dr. Finsen lays no stress on this feature.

Finsen's success has been chiefly with the lighter cases of tuberculosis of the skin, yet he asserts that he can even cure cancer. His treatment, whether his extreme claim be justified or not, is thoroughly scientific and is recognized as such by physicians. It has nothing in it of that questionable element which is apt to be prominent in extraordinary and unusual methods of cure. Another interesting feature that connects this treatment with the earlier light-cures is what Finsen calls his Riviera—his river of light—a room illuminated by an electric arc of 50,000 candle power. This glaring light affects one like bright sunlight and Dr. Finsen believes it to be a powerful blood-stimulant. Here we have merely the analogue of Dio Lewis's sun baths and of the later glow-baths of incandescent lights.

To speak of the attempted use of the Roentgen rays as a curative agent would take us too far afield, for the X-rays are scarcely light, although they may be due to a succession of peculiar shocks or impulses in the ether. But X-rays apart, the ordinary orthodox light ray is undoubtedly able to do much, and is destined to do more, in the line of external therapeutics. All physicians are keeping an eye upon it and those of us who live twenty-five years longer may see it in use in all of our hospitals. Indeed, Finsen may one day rank with the discoverers of anæsthetics as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

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Working Girls coming from the factory at noon.

THE WOMAN THAT TOILS.

Experiences of a Literary Woman as a Working Girl.

By Marie Van Vorst.

Illustrated from Photographs by Frances B. Johnson.

[Miss Marie Van Vorst is the daughter of the late Judge Van Vorst, once actively interested in the breaking up of the Tweed ring, Chancellor of the State of New York, President of the Century Club and founder of the Holland Society. Miss Van Vorst has written several successful novels containing interesting pictures drawn from her experiences of the factory life she has studied so conscientiously. The following, her first account of these experiences themselves, is the second of a series of five articles to appear in this Magazine, of which she has written two, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Van Vorst three.—Editor.]

LYNN.

I HAVE had no problem to solve, no sociologic scheme to prove; I have simply my experiences to relate, the class I grew to know and understand in a measure to portray. Conclusions must be drawn by those who read.

In order to do this I laid aside all that pertained to the class in which I was educated and became for a time an American working woman. To live as she lived, work as she worked, see as she saw, and to be party to her ambitions, her pleasures, her privations as far as was, under the circumstances, possible. As I worked by her side, hour after hour, day after day, I hoped to become a mirror in which she should be reflected, to be afterward her mouth-piece to those who know so vastly little of the annals of continuous, unremitting, everlasting toil.

The clothes I laid aside on December 18, 1901, were as follows:

Hat	$40.00
Sealskin coat	200.00
Black cloth dress	150.00
Silk underskirt	25.00
Kid gloves	2.00
Underwear	30.00
	$447.00

The clothes I put on were as follows:

Small felt hat	$.25
Woollen gloves	.25
Flannel shirt waist	1.95
Gray serge coat	3.00
Black skirt	2.00
Underwear	1.00
Tippet	1.00
	$9.45

On December 18th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I left Boston for Lynn, Mass.,

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boarding the little creeping train whose route ran close to marshes frozen hard, with ice many inches thick covering the rocks and hillocks.

No sooner had I taken my place in plain attire than my former personality slipped from me as absolutely as did the garments I had discarded. I was Bell Ballard. People from whose contact I had pulled my skirts away became my companions as I took my place shoulder to shoulder with the crowd of breadwinners.

Lynn, Mass., is made up of factories; great masses of ugliness, red brick, many-windowed buildings. The shoe trade in our country is one of the highest paying manufactures, and in it there are more women employed than in any other. Lynn's population is 70,000; of these, 10,000 work in shoe-shops.

The night must not find me homeless, houseless. I went first to a directory and found the address of the Young Women's Christian Association; one room upstairs in a building on one of the principal streets. A young woman and an old woman faced me as I made my appeals.

"I am looking for work; I want to get a room in a safe place for the night."

"Work in the shops?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She wrote an address for me on a slip of paper.

"Go there· I know the woman. If she can't take you, why, come back here. I'll take you to my own house: I won't have you sleep in a strange town just *anywheres!* You might get into trouble."

She was not a matron, she was not even one of the staff of managers or directors. She was only a woman who had come in to ask some question, receive some information; and thus in marvellous friendliness she turned and outstretched her hand—I was a stranger and this was her welcome.

ONE OF THE SWELLS OF THE FACTORY.

A very expert "Vamper," an Irish girl earning from $10 to $14 a week.

But I intended to find my lodging place, if possible, without any reference or any aid.

Out of the town proper, in a quiet side-street, I saw a little wooden tenement set back from the road.

"Furnished Room to Rent," read the sign in the window. A sweet-faced woman responded to the bell. One glance at me and she said:

"Ve only got a 'sheep' room."

At the compliment I was ill-pleased and told her that I was looking for a *cheap* room: I had come to Lynn to work. Oh! that was

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all right. That was the kind of people she received.

I followed her into the house. I must excuse her broken English. She was French. Ah! was she? That made my way easier. I told her I was from Paris and a stranger in this part of the country, and from thenceforth our understanding was complete. In 28 Viger Street we spoke French always.

My room, in the attic, was blue-and-white papered; a little, clean, agreeable room.

Madame begged that I would pardon the fact that my bed had no sheets. She would try to arrange later.

Before the door of the first factory I failed miserably. The shop fronted the street and through the window the very sight of the individuals representing power, the men whom I saw behind the desks, frightened me. I could not go in—I fairly ran through the streets and came to a stop finally before a humbler shop—where a sign swung at the door: "Hands Wanted." I went in here and opened a door on the third floor into a small office. I was before a lank Yankee manufacturer. Leaning against his desk, twisting from side to side in his mouth a tooth-pick, he nodded to me as I entered.

A DELICATE TYPE OF BEAUTY.
At work in a Lynn shoe factory.

The room was $1.25 a week. I would pay in advance? I did so, of course. I would have to carry up my water for washing from the first floor, morning and night, and care for my room. I made arrangements with the landlady on the floor below for board at ten cents a meal. Madame Courier was a French Canadian; a mammoth creature with engaging manners.

"Mademoiselle Ballard has work? Well, if you don't get a job my husband will speak for you; I have here three other young ladies who work in the shops; they'll speak for you."

His wife, a grim, spectacled New Englander, sat in the revolving desk-chair.

"I want work: got any?"

"Waal, thet's jist what we hev got! Ain't we, Mary? Take your tippet off, set right down, ef you're in earnest."

"Oh, I am in earnest; but what sort of work is it?"

"It's gluin' suspender straps."

He was anxious to close with me, and took up a pile of the suspender straps, tempting me with them.

"Now to Preston's," he said, "you can git in all right, but you won't make over

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A HILLSIDE TENEMENT COURT AT LYNN, MASS.

four dollars a week, and here, if you're smart, you'll make six in no time."

Preston's! that was the first name I had heard and to Preston's I went asking my way, stimulated by the fact that, though I had been in Lynn not an hour and a half, a job was mine did I care to glue suspender straps!

Mr. Preston himself, working-director in drilling-coat, sat before me in his private office.

"I want work, badly."

"Look here"—he mitigated his refusal—"come tomorrow at nine. I'm getting in a whole bale of cloth for cutting linings."

With these evidences of success, pride stirred. I determined before nightfall to be at work in a Lynn shoe-shop. It was now noon, streets filled with files and lines of freed operatives. Into a restaurant I wandered with part of the throng, and with excitement and ambition for sauce, ate a good meal.

MY FIRST JOB IN THE FACTORIES.

When I applied anew, factories had received back their workers. This time the largest building, one of the most important shops in Lynn, was my goal. At the door of Parsons' was a sign reading:

"Wanted, Vampers."

A vamper I was not, but if any help was wanted, there was hope. My demand for work was greeted at the office this time with —"Any signs out?"

"Yes."

What they were I didn't deem it needful to say! The stenographer nodded: "Go upstairs then; ask the forelady on the fifth floor."

I reached the fifth floor and entered into pandemonium. The workroom was in full working swing. At least 500 machines were in operation and the noise was startling and deafening.

I made my way to a high desk where a woman stood writing. I knew her for the forelady by her "air"; nothing else distinguished her from her employees. No one looked up as I entered. Evidently nothing in my voice or manner or aspect aroused supposition that I was not of the class I simulated.

"Say,—I've got to work; give me anything, anything; I'm green."

She didn't even look at me, but called, shrieked rather, above the machine din to her colleagues:

"Got anything for a green hand?"

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The person addressed gave me one glance.

"I'll have you learned '*pressin*'; we need a *presser*. Go take your things off, then get right down over there."

I tore off my outside garment in the cloak-room, jammed full of hats and coats. I was obliged to stack my belongings in a pile on the dirty floor.

Now hatless, shirt-waisted, ready to labor amongst the two hundred bond-women around me, excitement quite new ran through me as I went to the long table indicated and took my seat. My object was gained. I had been in Lynn two hours and a half and was a working woman.

On my left the seat was vacant; on my right Maggie McGowan smiled at me, although, poor thing, she had small cause to welcome the green hand who demanded her time and patience. She was to "learn me 'pressin'" and she did.

AFTER FACTORY HOURS.

A part of the court shown on the opposite page

Before me was a board, black with stains of leather, an awl, a hammer, a pot of foulest smelling glue, and a package of piece work, ticketed. The branch of the trade I learned at Parsons' was as follows:

Before me was outspread a pile of bits of leather foxings, back straps, vamps, etc. Dipping my brush in the glue I gummed all the extreme outer edges. When a whole "case"—three dozen pairs,—had been gummed, then the first bits were dry, and the fingers turned down the gummed edges of the leather into fine little seams; these seams are then pleated with the awl, and the ruffled hem flattened with the hammer This is "pressing." The case goes from the presser to the seaming machine.

The instruments turn in my awkward fingers. I spread glue where it should not be, while edges designated for its reception remain innocent. All this means double work later. "*Twicet the work*," my teacher remarks. Little by little, however, the simplicity of the manual action, the uniformity, the mechanical movement declare themselves. I glance from time to time at my expert neighbors, compare our work; in an hour I have mastered the method; skill and rapidity can be mine only after many days—but I worked alone, unaided.

As raw edges, at first defying my clumsiness, fell to fascinating rounds; as the awl creased the leather into the fluting folds; as the hammer mashed the gummed seam down I enjoyed the process. It was kindergarten and feminine toil combined; not too hard, but it was only the beginning.

Meanwhile my teacher, patient-faced, lightning-fingered, sat close to me, reeking perspiration, tired with the ordeal of instructing a greenhorn. With no sign of exhausted patience, however, she gummed my vamps with the ill-smelling glue.

"This glue makes lots of girls sick! In the other shops where I worked they just got sick, and quit. I stuck it out. The forelady said to me when I left, 'My! I never thought anybody could stand it long's you have!'"

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"BUFFING."

Miss L., a pretty, refined French girl, earning 6 or 7 cents an hour grinding off imperfections on patent-leather tips.

As I had yet my room to make sure of—I decided to leave early. I told Maggie McGowan I was going home.

"Tired already?" There was still an hour to dark.

As I explained to her my reasons, she looked at my amateur accomplishment spread on the board before us. I had only pressed one case of shoes.

"I guess I'll have to put it on my card," she soliloquized, " 'cause I learned you." "It's only about seven cents, anyway."

"Three hours' work, and that all I've made!"

She regarded me curiously, to see how the amount tallied with my hope of gain.

"Yet,—you tell me I'm not stupid. How long have you been at it?"

"Ten years."

"And you make?"

"Well, I don't want to discourage you."

(If Maggie used this expression once, she used it a dozen times; it was her pat on the shoulder, her word of cheer before coming ill-news.)

"I don't want to discourage you, but it's slow. I make about twelve dollars a week, but I guess you'd better do housework!"*

It was clear, then, that for weeks I was to drop in with the lot of women wage-earners who make under five dollars a week for ten-hours-a-day labor.

"Why don't *you* do housework, Maggie?"

"I do. I get up at five and do all the work of our house, cook breakfast, clean up before I come to the shop. I eat dinner here. When I go home at night I get supper and tidy up!"

My expression as I fell to gumming foxings was not pity for my own fate, as she, generous creature, took it to be.

"After you've been here a few years," she said, "you'll make more than I do. I'm not smart. You'll beat me."

Thus with tact she told me the bald truth, and yet did not discourage!

I belonged, for time never so little, to the giant machine of which the fifth floor of Parsons' is only an infinitesimal humming, singing part. I had earned seven cents. Seven cents of the four millions of dollars paid to Lynn shoe-employees were mine. I had bought the right to one piece of bread by the toil of my unskilled labor. As I fastened my tippet of common black fur, and drew on my woollen gloves, the odor from my glue and leather-stained hands came pungent to my nostrils. Friends had said to me: "Your hands will betray you!" If the girls at my side in Parsons' thought anything about the matter they made no sign.

Yet Maggie had her sensitiveness on this subject. I remarked once to her—"I don't see how you manage to keep your hands

SHOPPING DURING NOON-HOUR.

*An expert presser can do as many as 400 shoes a day. This is rare and maximum.

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clean. Mine are twice as black." She colored, was silent for a time, then said: "I never want anybody to speak to me of my hands. I'm ashamed of 'em; they uset to be real nice, though." She held the blunted ends up—"They're awful! I do love a nice hand."

AT MADAME'S BOARDING HOUSE.

The cold, like a knife, struck sharp as I came out of the factory. Fresh air, insolent with purity and cleanliness, smiting the nostrils, sought lungs filled too long with unwholesome atmosphere.*

Hot with a brisk walk home, I climbed the stairs to my attic, the room as cold as Greenland. It was nearly six thirty, supper hour, and I made a shift at a toilet.

No sooner did I open the door into the kitchen, into the smoky atmosphere, into the midst of the little world of nine guests here assembled, than I felt the quick kindness of welcome.

My place was at the table's end, before the Irish stew.

"BARRING."

Miss S , a blooming, pink-cheeked Irish girl, earns from $5 to $6 a week.

"Miss Ballard," the landlady put her arm about my waist and introduced me, mentioning the names of every one present. There were four women beside myself, and four men.

"I don't want Miss Ballard to feel strange," said my hostess in her pretty Canadian *patois*. "I want her to be at home here."

I sat down.

"Oh, she'll be at home all right!" A frowzy-headed, pretty brunette from the table's other end raised kind eyes to me and nodded a smiling good-fellowship.

The table was crowded with all manner of substances, cheese, preserves, onion pickles, cake and Irish stew, all eaten at one time, and at will—the drink was tea.

At my left sat a well-dressed man who would pass anywhere for a business man of certain distinction. He was a common operator. Next him was a bridal couple, very young and good looking; then came the sisters, Mika and Nannette, their brother, a packer at a shop, then Mademoiselle Frances, expert hand at fourteen dollars a week, (a heavy swell, indeed) then Maurice.

Although I was evidently an object of interest, although countless questions were put to me, let me say that curiosity was markedly absent. Their attitude was humane, courteous, sympathetic, agreeable, which qualities I firmly believe are supreme in those who know hardship, who suffer privation, who labor.

Great surprise was evinced that I had so soon found a job. Mika and Nannette, brunette Canadians with voices sweet and carrying, talked in good English and mediocre French.

Mika said: "My name's been up two months at my sister's shop. The landlady told us about your coming, Miss Ballard. We was going to speak for you to our foreladies."

Here my huge hostess, who stood close to my side as though she thought I needed her motherliness, put her hand on my shoulder.

"Yes—*mon enfant*—we didn't want you to

*At Plant's, Boston, fresh-air cylinders ventilate the shop.

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get discouraged in a strange place. *Ici nous sommes toutes une famille.*"

"All one family?" Oh, no—no—— Kind creature, hospitable receiver of a stranger, not all one family! I am one with the hostess capable of greeting a guest with insolent discourtesy, did such a one chance to intrude when her presence might imperil the next step of the social climber.

"LEARNING" A NEW HAND.

Miss P., an experienced "gummer" on vamp linings, is a New England girl and makes $8 or $9 a week. The new hand makes from $2.50 to $3 a week at the same work.

Not one family, but part of the class whose tongues turn the truffle buried in *pate de foie gras;* whose lips are reddened with warm Burgundies and cooled with iced champagnes; who discuss the quality of a *Canard a la presse* throughout a meal; who have no leisure, because they have no labor such as you know the meaning of; who create disease by feeding bodies unstimulated by toil; whilst you, honestly tired, really hungry, eat Irish stew in the atmosphere of your kitchen dining-hall.

The Irish stew had all disappeared, every vestige.

"But Mademoiselle eats nothing—a bird's appetite." And here was displayed the first hint of that vulgarity which we are taught to look for in this class.

She put her hands about my arms —"*Tiens! un bras tout de meme!*" and she looked at Maurice, the young man on my right.

"*Maurice, c'est toi qui devrait t'informer des bras d'Mademoiselle.*"

("Maurice, it is you who should inform yourself of Mademoiselle's arms.")

Maurice laughed with appreciation, as did the others. He was the sole American at table; out of courtesy for him we talked English from time to time, although he assured us he undertsood all we said in "the jargon."

. . . . . .

To Maurice,—a master pen only could do justice. His *type* is seen stealing around corners in London's Whitechapel, and in the lowest quarters of New York; a lounger, indolent, usually drunk. Maurice was the *type*, with the qualities absent. Tall, lank, loosely hung together, made for muscular effort, he wore a checked waistcoat and a dark flannel shirt, thick with grease and oil stains, redolent with tobacco and no collar or cravat. From the collarless circle of his shirt rose his strong young neck and bullet head; his forehead was heavy and square above the heavy brow, and black eyes shone deep sunken in their caverns.

His black hair, stiff as a brush, came low on his brow, his mouth was large and sensual, his teeth brilliant. But his hands! never to be forgotten! Scrubbed till flesh might well have parted from the bones; clean, though black and mutilated with toil; nails forever darkened with stains, ingrained ridges rising around them hard and ink-

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A CHEERY OLD MAID OF TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND STOCK. A VETERAN FACTORY HAND.

black as leather. Maurice was Labor—its Symbol—its Epitome.

At the landlady's remark he blushed and addressed me frankly:—

"Say, I work to de 'Lights'."

(Lights! can such a word be expressive of the factory which has daily blackened, scarred and dulled this human instrument?)

"To de 'Lights,' and it ain't no *cinch*, I can tell you! I got to keep movin'. Every minute I'm late I get docked for wages,—it's day's work to de 'Lights'. When *she* calls me at six—why, I don't turn over and snooze another! I just turn right out. I walk two miles to my shop—and every man in his place at 6:45! don't you forgit it!"

He wiped his mouth—rose unceremoniously, put on his pot-like derby ajaunt, lit a vile cigar, slipped into a miserable old coat, and was gone—the odor of his weed blended a new smell with the kitchen fumes!

He is one of the absolutely real creatures I have ever seen. Of his likeness, types of crime are drawn. Maurice, a blade keen-edged, hidden in its battered sheath, its ugly case, was a terrible, yet attractive, specimen of strength and endurance. Youth and manhood in him bound to labor as on a rack—a wheel; and in the ordeal keeping (as does the mass of humanity) Silence.

Eat by his side, heap his plate with coarse victuals, feel the touch of his flannel sleeve against your own flannel blouse, see his look of brotherhood as he says: "Say—if de job dey give you is too hard, w'y, I guess I kin git yer in to de Lights!"

These are sensations facts alone can give.

. . . . . .

After dinner we sit all together in the parlor, the general living-room, with carpet-covered sofa, big table, few chairs,— that's all. We talk an hour—and on what? We discuss Bernhardt, the divine Sara. "Good shows don't come to Lynn much; it don't pay them; you can't get more than fifty cents a seat. Now Bernhardt don't like to act for fifty-cent houses! But the theatres are crowded if ever there's a good show. We get tired of the awful poor shows to the Opera House." Maude Adams was a favorite. Réjane had been seen. Of course,

AN ALL-ROUND EXPERIENCED HAND.

Mrs. F., who has worked in the factory for over twenty years, once as a forewoman, now earns only $5 or $6 a week.

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A CORNER OF MISS K.'S BEDROOM.

the vital American interest,—money,—is touched upon, let me say lightly, and passed. The packer at Rigger's, intelligent, well-informed and well-read, discoursed in good French about English and French politics, and on the pleasure it would be to travel and see the world.

Upstairs in my room the excitement dies quite out of me. I lay wakeful in the hard sheetless bed. It was cold, my window-pane freezing rapidly. I could not sleep. On either side through the thin walls of the house I could hear my neighbors settling to repose. Maurice's room was next to mine. He whistled a short snatch of a topical song. On the other side slept the landlady's children; opposite, the packer from Rigger's. The girls' room was downstairs. When Maurice's song had reached its close, he heaved a profound sigh, and then followed silence, as slumber claimed the sole period of his existence not devoted to work. The tenement quickly passed to stillness complete.

AN APARTMENT HOUSE.

Miss K.'s room is the one with bay windows on the third floor.

THE FIRST MORNING OF A WORKINGWOMAN.

Before six the next morning—black as night—the call "Mau-rice—Mau-*rice!*" rang through the hall. Summons to us all, given through him on whom the exigencies of life fell the heaviest. Maurice worked by day-system—the rest of us were freed men and women by comparison.

The night before, timid and reluctant to descend the two flights of pitch-dark stairs with a heavy water-pitcher in my hand, I had brought up no water! It is interesting to wonder how scrupulous we would all be if we had to carry our baths up and down two flights of stairs, pitcher by pitcher. A little water nearly frozen was at hand for my toilet. By six I was dressed and my bed made; by 6:15 in the kitchen, dense with

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THE WINDOW SIDE OF MISS K.'S PARLOR AT LYNN, MASS.

smoke from the frying breakfast. Through the haze the figures of my friends declared themselves. Codfish balls, bread and butter and coffee formed the repast.

Maurice is the first to finish, standing a moment to light his pipe, his hat acock; then he is gone. The sisters wash at the sink, Mika combing out her mass of frowzy dark hair, talking meanwhile. The sisters' toilet, summary and limited, is frankly displayed.

At my right the bride consumes five enormous fish balls, as well as much bread. Her husband eats sparingly. He is a young, handsome, gentle creature; his hand is strapped up at the wrist.

"What's wrong?"

"Strained tendons. Doctor says they'd be all right if I could just hold up a little. They don't get no chance to rest."

"But why not 'hold up' awhile?" He regards me sympathetically as one who says to an equal, a fellow,—"You know why!—for the same reason that you yourself will work, sick or well."

It is half-past six when I get into the streets. The midwinter sky is slowly breaking to dawn; the whole town, white with fresh snow, and still half-wedded to night, is nevertheless stirring to life.

MISS K., WHO VERY GRACIOUSLY ALLOWED HER ROOMS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

A bright, quick girl earning from $8 to $10 a week.

On the fifth floor of the factory I was one of the very first arrivals. If in the long, low-ceiled room, windows had been opened, the air gave no sign to the effect; it was fetid and cold. Daylight had not fully found the workshop, gas was lighted and no work prepared. I was eager to begin, but forced to wait before idle tools till work was given me,—hard ordeal for ambitious piece worker. At the tick of seven, however, I had begun my branch of the shoemaking trade. One by one my mates arrived; the seats beyond me and on either side were filled. Opposite me sat a ghost of girlhood. A tall, slender creature, cheeks

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BEDROOM AT MRS. T.'S.

MRS. T.'S DAY OFF.

like paper, eyes sunken. She, too, had the smile of good fellowship, coin freely passed from work-woman to work-woman.

This girl's job was filthy. She inked edges of the shoes with a brush dipped in a pot of thick black fluid. Pile after pile of piece-work was massed in front of her; pile by pile disappeared. She worked like lightning.

"Do you like your job?"—I ventured. This seemed to be the open sesame to all conversation in the shops. She shrugged her narrow shoulders, made no direct reply. "I used to have what you're doing; it's awful. That glue made me sick. I was in bed. So when I came back I got *this*." She was separated from my glue-pot by a table's length only.

"But don't you smell it from here?"

"Not so bad—this here (pointing to her black fluid) smells stronger, it *drownds* it."

"I make my wages clear"—she announced to me a few moments later.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, at noon I wait in a restaurant, they give me my dinner afterwards; I go back there and wait table at supper, too. My vittles don't cost me anything!"

So that is where your golden noon-hour is spent,—standing, running, waiting, serving in the ill-smelling restaurant I shall name later; and not your dinner hour alone,—but the long day's fag end!

"I ain't from these parts,"—she continued confidentially,—"I'm down East. I used to run a machine, but it hurts my side——"

My job went well for an amateur. I finished one case of shoes (36 pairs) in little more than an hour. By ten o'clock the room grew stifling hot. I was obliged to discard my dress skirt, and necktie, loosen collar, roll up my sleeves. My warmer blooded companions did the like. It was singular to watch the clock mark out the morning hours, and at ten, already early, very early in the forenoon, feel tired because one had been three hours at work.

A man came along with nuts and apples in a basket to sell. I bought an apple for five cents. It was regarded by my teacher, Maggie, as a prodigal expenditure! I shared it with her, and she in turn shared her half with her neighbors, advising me wisely:

"Say—you'd better *earn* an apple before you buy one!"

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"FANCY GUMMING."

Mrs. T. earns $8 or $10 a week. Her husband also works in a factory and between them they have made enough to build a pretty little cottage.

My companion on the other side was a pretty country-girl. She regarded her work with good humored indifference; indeed, her labor was of very indifferent quality. I don't believe she was ever intended to make shoes. In a cheerful undertone she sang topical songs the morning long. It drove Maggie McGowan "mad," so she said.

"Say, why don't some of *youse* sing?" said the little creature, looking down our busy line. "I never hear no singing in the shops."

Maggie said—"Sing! Well, I don't come here to sing."

The other laughed sweetly.

"Well, I jest *have* to sing."

"You seem happy,—are you?" She looked at me out of her pretty blue eyes.

"You bet! That's the way to be!" Then after a little, in an aside to me alone she whispered—"Not always. Sometimes I cry all to myself."

"See the sun!" she exclaimed, lifting her head. (It shone golden through the window's dirty, cloudy pane.) "He's peekin' at me! He'll find you soon; looks like he was glad to see us sitting here!"

MRS. T.'S COTTAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LYNN, MASS.

Attached to it there is a kitchen garden, small orchard and a strawberry patch, beside space for raising chickens and many old-fashioned flowers.

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"THE FACTORIES CROWD EACH OTHER DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE."

THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK.

The hours from one to three went fairly well, but by three-thirty I was tired out, my fingers grew wooden with fatigue, glue-pot and folding-line; board, hammer and awl grew indistinct; it was hard to continue. The air stifled. Odors conspired together. Oil, leather, glue, (Oh, that to-heaven-smelling glue!) tobacco-smoke, humanity.

Maggie asked me, "How old do I look?" I gave her thirty. Twenty-five it seemed she was. In guessing the next girl's age no better luck. "It's this"—Maggie nodded to the work-room, "that takes it out of you! Just you wait till you've worked ten years in Lynn."

Although Maggie McGowan was curious about me, in posing her questions she was courtesy itself.

"Say," to her neighbor, "where do you think Miss Ballard's from?—Paris!"

My neighbor once-removed leaned forward to stare at me. "My, but that's a change to Lynn! Ain't it? Now don't you think you'll miss it?"

She fell to work again, and said after a little, "Paris,—why, that's like a dream. Is it like real places? I can't never guess what it is like!"

The girl at the machine next mine had an ear like a sea shell, a skin of satin. Her youth was bound, strong shoulders already stooped, chest fast narrowing. At seven A. M. she came, albeit fresh, still pale, and wan; the night rest, too short a preparation for the day's work. By three in the afternoon she was flushed, by five crimson with weariness. She threw her hands up over her head and exclaimed, "My back's broke, and I've only made thirty-five cents today."

Maggie McGowan: "Here's a girl (indicating me) who's had the misfortune never to work in a shoe-shop."

"Misfortune? You don't mean that!"

Maggie: "Well, I guess I don't! If I didn't make a joke now and then I'd jump into the river!"

She sat close to me patiently directing my clumsy fingers.

I was sick of the shops, and I had not worked ten years as she had. And for my hard toiling future, such as she imagined that it would be, I could see that she pitied me. Once, seeing me so green and so ill-clad, and so evidently bent on learning my trade the best I knew, she asked me in a voice quick with sisterhood:

"Say,—are you hungry?"

"No, no, no."

"You'll be all right! No American girl need starve in America."

. . . . . .

This I gathered from our interrupted talk that flowed unceasingly despite the noise of our hammers and the noise of the general room.

They worked at a trade uncongenial. Not one had a good word to say for shop-labor there, despite its advantages, in this progressive land of generous pay. Each

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woman in a narrow, touching degree was a dreamer. Housework! too servile, but then compared to shopwork it was a leisure.

By four the gas was lighted here and there where burners were available. Over our heads was no arrangement for lighting. We bent lower in semi-obscurity. In the blending of twilight and gaslight the room became mysterious, a shadowy corridor. Figures grew indistinct, softened and blurred. The exhausted air surrounded the gas jets in misty circles.

Unaltered alone was the ceaseless thud, the chopping, pounding of the machinery, the long soughing of the power-engine.

Here and there a woman stops to rest a second, her head sunk in her hand; or she rises, stretching limbs and body. A man wanders in from the next room, a pipe in his mouth, or a bad cigar; pausing by one of the pale operators, whose space of rest is done, he flings down in front of her a new pile of piece-work from the cutting machines.

We are up five flights of stairs. There are at least two hundred girls. Machine oil, rags, refuse, cover the floor. Such debris as only awaits a spark from a lighted match or cigar to burst into flames. Despite laws and regulations the building is not fireproof. There is no fire-escape. A cry of fire, and great heaven! what escape for two hundred of us from this mountain-height, level with the roofs of the distant town?

I go out once more into the fresh cool air released, drawing in long grateful breath. Christmas moon, shining on the sleeping thousands in the town, where night alone is free. The giant factories are silent, machines at last quiet, the long workrooms are moon-invaded. Labor is holy, but serfdom is accursed, and toil which demands that every hour of daylight should be spent in the race for existence, all of the daylight, is kin to slavery! There is no time for mental or physical upright-standing, no time for pleasure.

A TYPICAL LYNN ALLEY.

A CHANGE OF WORK.

One day I decided to consider myself dismissed from Parsons'. They had taught me all they could unless I changed my trade in that shop; I wished to learn a new one in another. Therefore, one morning I applied at another factory, again one of the largest in Lynn. The sign read:

"Cleaner Wanted."

"Cleaner" sounded easy to learn! My experience this time was with a foreman instead of a forelady. The workroom I sought was on the second floor, a room filled with men, all of them standing. Far down the room's centre I saw the single figure of a woman at her job. By her side I was soon to be; we two the sole women on the second floor.

The foreman was distinctly a personage. Small, kind, alive; he wore a straw hat and eye-glasses. He had decided in a moment that my short application for "something to do" was not to be gainsaid.

"Ever worked before?"

This time I had a branch of a trade at my finger's end.

"Yes, sir; presser."

I was proud of my trade. I did not even know, as I do now, that "cleaning" is the filthiest job the trade possesses. It is in bad repute and difficult to secure a woman to do the unpleasant work.

"You come with me," he said cheerfully; "I'll teach you."

Two high desks, like old-time school desks, rose in the workshop's centre. Behind one of these

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I stood, whilst the foreman in front of me instructed my ignorance. The room was filled with high crates rolled hither and thither on castors. These crates contained anywhere from thirty-two to fifty pairs of boots. The cases are moved from operator to operator as each man selects the shoes to apply to them the especial branch of his trade. From the crate of boots rolled to my side I took four and placed them on the desk before me. With the heel of one pressed against my breast, I dipped my forefinger in a glass of hot soap-and-water, which soon became black as ink; I passed my wet, soapy finger all around the boot's edges, from toe to heel. This loosened, in the space between the sole and vamp, the sticky dye substance and particles of so-called dirt. Then with a bit of wood covered with Turkish towelling, I scraped the shoe between the sole and vamp, and with a third cloth polished and rubbed the boot clean. In an hour's time I did one-third as well as my companion. I cleaned a case in an hour, whilst she cleaned three.

MISS VAN VORST
As "Bell Ballard" at work in a shoe factory.

When my employer had left me I observed the woman at my side; an untidy, degraded looking creature, long past youth. Her hands beggared description; their covering resembled skin not at all, but a dark blue substance, leather-like, bruised, ingrained, indigo-hued. Her nails looked as though they had been beaten severely.

"Once I tried to clean my hands up; Lord! it's no good! I scrub 'em with a scrubbin' brush on Sundays."

"How long have you been at this job?"

"Ten months."

They called her "Bobby;" the men from their machines nodded to her now and then, bantering her across the noise of their wheels. She was ignorant of it, too stupid to know whether life took her in sport or in earnest! The men themselves worked in their flannel shirts. Not far from us was an old, wretchedly ill-looking individual, the very shadow of manhood. I observed that once he cast toward us a look of interest. Under my feet was a raised platform on which I stood bending to my work. During the morning the consumptive man strolled over and whispered something to Bobby. He made her dulness understand. When he had gone back to his job she said to me:—

"Say, w'y don't yer push that platform away, and stand down on the floor? You're too tall to need that. It makes yer bend."

"Did that man come over to tell you this?"

"Yes. He said it made you tired."

From my work, across the room, I silently blessed the pale old man, thin, pitiful, over the shoe he held, obscured from me by the cloud of sawdust-like flying leather that spun scattered from the sole he held close to the flying wheel.

. . . . . .

My fingers were swollen, sore. The effects of the work did not leave my hands for weeks. Bobby took no interest in my work, absorbed in her own. Every now and then she would compute the sum she had made, finally deciding that the day was to be a red bean day, and we should make a dollar and fifty cents. During the time we worked together she had cleaned seventeen cases of shoes.

In this shop it was hotter than in Parsons'. We sweltered at our work. Once a case of shoes was cleaned, I would write my initial "B" on the tag, and roll the crate across the floor to the man next me, who then took it into his active charge.

The foreman came to me many times to inspect, approve and encourage. He was a model teacher and an indefatigable superintendent. Just how far personal, and just how far human, his kindness, who can say?

When the foreman had left me I turned to look at Bobby. She was in the act of lifting to her lips a glass of what was supposed to be water. It had stood gathering microbes in the room, visible ones, evidently, for a scum had formed on the glass that looked like stagnant oil. She blew the stuff back and drank long.

Her accent was so bad, and her English so limited, I had taken her to be a foreigner beyond doubt. But she proved to be an American. She had worked in factories all her life, since she was eight years old, and her brain was stunted.

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At dinner time when I left March's, I had stood, without sitting down once, for five hours, and according to Bobby's computation I had made the large sum of twenty-five cents, having cleaned a little more than one hundred shoes. To all intents, at least for the moment, my hands were ruined. At Weyman's restaurant I went in with my fellow workwomen and men.

I bought soup and beans, and ate, in spite of the inconveniences, ravenously, and paid for my dinner fifteen cents. Most of my neighbors took one course, stew or soup. I rose half-satisfied, dizzy from the fumes and the bad air. These Weyman patrons, mark well, are the rich ones, the swells of labor—able to squander fifteen to twenty cents on their stew and tea. How vivid, how poignant even must arise to me "Bobby." I shall see her eat her filthy sandwich with her blackened hands, see her stoop to blow the scum of deadly matter from her typhoid-breeding glass.

. . . . . .

In Lynn, unless she boards at home, a girl's living costs her at best, $3.75 a week. If she be of the average, her month's earnings are thirty-two dollars; reduce this by general expenses and living, and her surplus is $16; to earn which she has toiled 224 hours. You will recall that there are, out of the 22,000 operatives in Massachusetts, 5,000 who make under $5 a week. I leave the reader to compute from this the luxuries and possible pleasures consistent with this income.

A word for the swells of the trade, for swells exist. One of my companions at 28 Viger Street made $14 a week. Her expenses were $4, she therefore had at her disposition about $40 a month. She had no family, *every cent of her surplus she spent on her clothes.*

"I like to look down and see myself dressed nice," she said. "It makes me feel good. I don't like myself in poor clothes."

She *was* well dressed! Her furs good, her hat charming,—we walked to work side by side. She, the lady of us—of course she belonged to the Union. Her possible illness is provided for; her death will bring $100 to a distant cousin. She is only tired out, thin, undeveloped, pale,—that's all.

. . . . . .

Poor attire, if I can judge by the reception I met with in Lynn, influences only those who by reason of birth, breeding and education, should be above such things. In Viger Street I was more simply clad than my companions. My aspect called forth only sisterhood and kindness.

Fellowship from first to last, fellowship from their eyes to mine, a spark kindled never to be extinguished. The morning I left my tenement lodging, Mika took my hand at the door.

"Good-bye." Her eyes actually filled. "I'm awful sorry you're going. If the world don't treat you good, come back to us."

I must qualify a little. One member of the working class there was on whom my cheap clothes had a chilling effect,—the spoiled creature of the travelling rich;—a Pullman car porter, on the train from Boston to New York. Although I called him first and purposely gave him my order in time, he viewed me askance and served me the last of all. I sat and waited, my woollen gloves folded in my lap and wondered if any one of the favored was as hungry, as famished as the presser from Parsons', the cleaner from March's.

BACK TO THE FACTORY AFTER THE NOON-HOUR

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GOWNS AND A GOBOLINK.

By

Eleanor Hoyt.

"'I sighed when I looked at the Man across the aisle. He seemed so full of possibilities.'"

"YOU are quite sure it is becoming?" Nancy eyed herself critically in the long pier glass between the front windows.

"Positive," asserted Bobby, with profound conviction.

Nancy turned around and looked across her shoulder at the back of the trailing gray gown.

"You don't think—Bobby, you truly don't think it makes me look fat?"

There was tragic appeal in her tones.

Bobby smiled.

"Just about as fat as a willow wand," he suggested. Then he added, hastily and conscientiously—"but shapelier."

Nancy seemed tremendously relieved.

"You know, Bobby, I've been called 'plump' three times this winter. The first two times I didn't mind it, because women did it—thin women. You know how that sort of woman says, 'Why, dear, you are getting positively—plump.' A long hesitation before the 'plump,' Bobby. That means, 'I can't forgive you for not having as many angles as I have.'

"But the third time it was a man who called me plump. That made me shiver, because he thought he was being complimentary. I've dieted ever since. It's a dreadful thing to have a long line of fat ancestors and live in their shadow. The sword of Damocles was cheering compared to it.

"You don't think that perhaps a big chou and ends of pale yellow chiffon—the nice spring crocusy yellow—would improve me?"

She was pathetically appealing. Bobby's smile developed into a laugh.

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"You know that I don't think anything from any one of the four seasons could improve you," he said with emphasis.

"So bad as that?" sighed Nancy. "Then I may as well stop struggling."

She tucked herself into the corner of the huge Davenport, carefully preëmpting the pale yellow cushions.

"Take the bright pillows and sit quite at the other end of the Davenport, Bobby. Then you'll not spoil the color scheme, and can get enough perspective on it to really enjoy it. You see I'm proud of this gown."

"So I imagined," murmured the man who came often.

"It's so unexpected."

"Unexpected?" echoed Bobby.

"Yes—and I've eight others just as unexpected. It's beatific, Bobby. You shall see them at the rate of one a week. You couldn't stand the rapture more often than that.

"I've four new hats, too, and an opera cloak and gloves and shoes and slippers and a spring coat and — and things." Her voice had a dreamy suggestion of hasheesh ecstasy.

"But how did it happen, Nancy? Anyone dead?"

"No; that's the beauty of it. We didn't kill a soul. It was the tidiest, most tactful bit of work my guardian angel ever put through—and yet so thorough, so beautifully thorough. If that angel were subsidized, I'd raise his salary."

"I don't understand," confessed Bobby hopelessly.

"Of course you don't. You don't know the Man."

Bobby sat up suddenly, a vitalized interrogation point surrounding a suppressed exclamation point.

"Pathetically appealing."

The girl among the pale yellow pillows smiled at him sweetly. She has a special smile for those moments of Bobby's, a guileless, innocent, happy, creamy smile, that filters softly through the explosive silence and has a particularly exasperating effect upon the bad-tempered young man.

"You remember the railroad wreck," she said at last. Bobby's face softened. He nodded.

"I haven't really told you about it since I came back. I haven't had a chance. First you were away, and then there was always some one here, and——"

"It was good of you to telegraph." Bobby's voice was very low. "I'd have been desperate if I had seen the papers first."

"Well, you see, the Man asked me to whom he could send telegrams, and Daddy and mother made such a meagre list, I put you in for the moral effect." She looked at him and relented.

"Then I—well I just happened to think that I might never have seen you again, and I wished I had been nicer that afternoon, and I thought I'd like to telegraph to you—no, Bobby, you can't begin to see the good points of this frock at close range. What Daddy calls the 'toot and cymbal' is the thing."

Bobby came back to the subject of the new gowns, but his face had cleared.

"What did the wreck have to do with a gray gown?"

Nancy spread her hands in a comprehensive gesture.

"Everything—everything."

"Tell me about it."

"There was a Man—" began Nancy.

"There is always a man," interrupted Bobby rudely.

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"'No, Bobby, you can't begin to see the good points of this frock at close range.'"

"Exactly. Didn't I say that my guardian angel deserved a raise of salary? If I should die before you, Bobby, I wish you would see that that simple but comprehensive phrase is graven on my tomb—'There was always a Man.' There you have history, comment, and appreciation crystallized. It's an ideal epitaph. This story doesn't exactly begin with the Man, though. You know I started to Priscilla's wedding. My wardrobe was awfully shabby, Bobby. It was between seasons, and I had worn things hard, and Daddy had been bothered about business, so I wouldn't for worlds have asked him for anything new.

"I didn't even have a fresh frock for the wedding, but I tucked the old things into my disgracefully battered trunk and told myself I didn't care.

"I was the only woman in the Pullman car all afternoon; but there were men—several men. One of them was very good to look at, Bobby. He sat across the aisle from me. I sighed every time I glanced at him. It's dreadfully hampering to be well bred, Bobby. The Vermont blood in me has interfered with a great deal of simple pleasure. Now I know girls—girls who are much better than I, girls of whom every one approves—who never take a trip without having some delightful adventure. They always meet strange knights who do the most charming things for them and turn out to be friends of the girls' friends, and rich or titled, and susceptible, and prodigal of candy and violets and theatre boxes. I've travelled untold miles, and I never met a man in my life, unless he was dragged up to me by some one of unimpeachable reputation, and formally introduced. It isn't that I am good. It's that I'm either stupid or unfortunate. I freeze solid when I mount a car platform, and even a Pullman car steam heat doesn't thaw me.

"So I sighed when I looked at the Man across the aisle. He seemed so full of possibilities. Yet I knew I should never meet him.

"There's where I misjudged that guardian angel, Bobby. He's an angel of resources. He understands my prejudices and limitations. He has the force and invention to cope with them.

"I didn't go out to the dining car early—I wasn't hungry and a late dinner makes the evening shorter. I hate evening on a

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train. The Man wasn't hungry either. Everybody else in the car was. I sat and stared out of the window. It was a black night, but the trees were blacker than the night, and huddled together like frightened gobolinks as we flew by. I was positively grateful to every light that flashed out of a farmhouse window. Slavery to convention had lowered my spirits. I felt depressed by my own propriety. Confidentially, Bobby, there's nothing that depresses me like being truly good under temptation. Some people get a glow out of it. They don't deserve any praise. I always know I'm going to be sorry, and yet I'm good in spite of it. That's what I call noble.

"Nobility sometimes has its reward. I've been known to doubt that; but now I know it is true.

"I was watching a little light on a hill ahead of us. Suddenly the light turned a somersault and exploded like a Roman candle.

"The explosion was horribly noisy. It wasn't any respecter of person or propriety. It stood me on my head and batted me against hard woodwork and threw me down in a dislocated heap.

"When I settled down once more I opened my eyes. Everything was dark. Moreover, everything was, apparently, upside down. I felt around and decided I was sitting on a window with my back against the plush seat. Something heavy lay across my lap. It was soft, and had on a rough frieze suit. Suddenly it sat up, looking like one of the gobolinks, and rubbed its head.

"'Well, I'll be ——,' it said.

"'It looks as though you'd have a chance to find out whether you'll be,' I suggested. The Gobolink gasped.

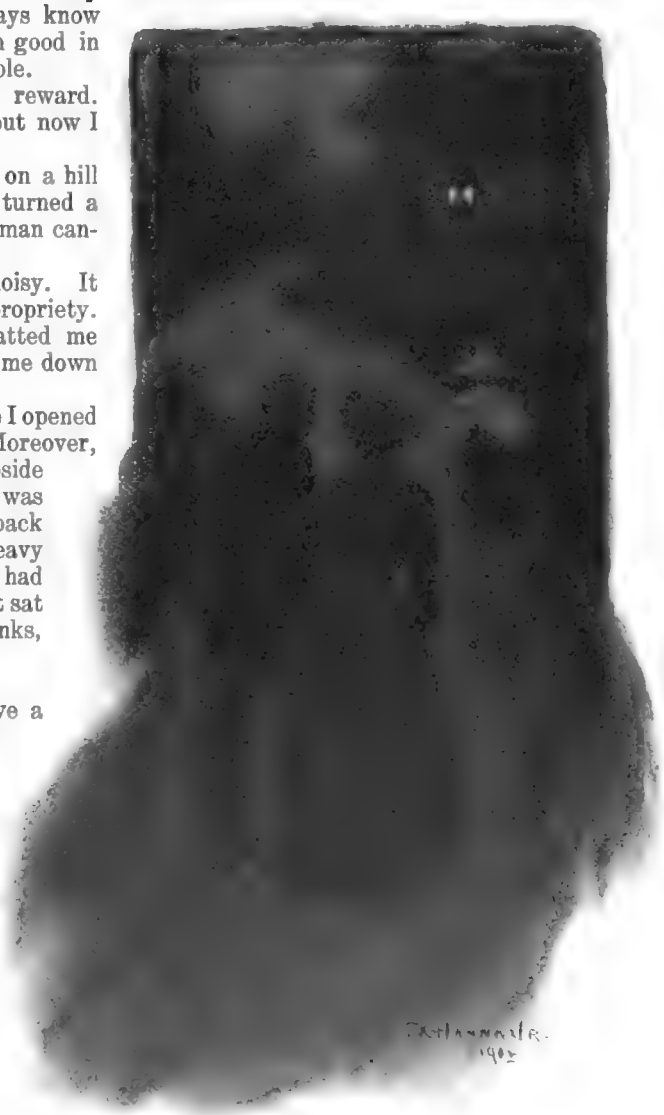
"'Oh, by Jove. I beg your pardon.' It moved a foot or two away, quite to the other side of the window.

"'Are you hurt?' it asked.

"'No; I'm worse than hurt. I'm offended,' I said. You know I don't have hysterics, Bobby; but I was threatened. In the first place, I was scared; in the second place, I was shaken up; and in the third place, there was the good-looking man sitting on a window with me at the bottom of a Stygian pit. Talk of having a man thrown at one's head! My friends had tried doing it; but this was the real thing. At last I had undeniably met a strange man on a train.

"He wasn't badly hurt, but had hit his head an awful whack, and been stunned for a minute. He seemed a trifle dazed for a few minutes longer. Then he rose to the situation.

"'We're in a ditch,' he said. I told him the idea had occurred to me. He asked me



"'Tucked me under his arm and trailed me off up the hill.'"

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"'She treated us royally.'"

if I was afraid to stay alone for a few minutes, and I lied stoutly. I wanted him to sit right there and hold my hand tightly—not as a matter of sentiment, Bobby; merely by way of human encouragement—but I let him go. I couldn't hear a sound. All the other cars and passengers might have been ground to powder. Still, there was no reason why, if I happened to be rescued, I should look like a fright, so I straightened my hair and got my red flannel powder rag out of my chatelaine bag. There was something very comforting about that powder rag, Bobby. It was so every-day commonplace. It reassured me. It was absurd to think of dying while one could sit comfortably on a window and use a red flannel powder rag.

"Still I was glad when the Gobolink peered over the side of the car seat. He was tremendously cheerful, said we were all right and in no danger at all, but that I'd have to climb over two seats to get to the passageway and then lie down and squirm through the passage. He pulled me up and I did credit to my gymnasium teacher. The passageway wasn't so easy. You know how wide those little passages around the stateroom and smoking-room are. Well, just turn them on their sides, so that their width is their height, and then try to go through them. There's only one way. I shall always look at a turtle with respect. It isn't so easy as it seems when one watches him. I sent the Gobolink through first. Not even fear and haste could reconcile me to doing a human turtle-act before any one.

"I was sorry it was too dark for real appreciation of his method. He's a dignified man with rather gray hair, and a face like a Roman senator. I'd enjoy seeing him do turtle. After he got through I lay down flat and squirmed through myself. That passage seemed a mile long, Bobby. I'm so sorry for all the things that have to go hitching along through life on their stomachs. But, then, I suppose they are built for it, and don't find it as inconvenient as I did.

"When I got through we climbed up out of the ditch. There were crowds of people around. Two cars were standing on the track. Three more were toppled over. The engine was in the ditch. The baggage car and mail car were perfect wrecks. No one was killed. Only seven people were hurt, and none of the seven were in serious condition. Really, Bobby, it was beautifully arranged. Some guardian angels would have bungled it. I might have felt responsible, if any one had been badly hurt; but there I was, there was the good-looking man, there were the proprieties intact, there were prejudices brushed aside. The measures had been radical, but effective."

"But the gray gown?" insisted Bobby.

"I'm coming to the gray gown. You wouldn't have me put my climax in the middle of my story, would you? Men usually do that. Then the rest of the story is boresome. I've often longed to teach the philosophy of rational development to the men I know.

"Given a summer season, given seashore or mountain stage-setting, given a man and a maid: how shall the man and the maid evolve a plot that will be progressively dramatic, but not reach its climax until late September? There's a problem

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for the class. The average man drops the climax into the middle of August. Then a good thing is spoiled, and what shall the man and the maid do with the tag ends of the season?

"Haste is fatal to all good work, Bobby. Where was I?"

"On the edge of the ditch," prompted Bobby.

"Yes, that's it—and I like being on the edge of a ditch. There's the possibility of going either way, and there's a fair surety of excitement, past, present, or future.

"The Gobolink had blossomed into the good-looking man, because there were lanterns and torches. His cheek was cut, but that wasn't a disfigurement."

"Probably his cheek could stand cutting," growled Bobby; but Nancy overlooked it.

"He put me down on a big rock and went off for a while. Then he came back and told me all about things. He said there was a farmhouse not far away, and that he would take me over there. The wrecking train wouldn't be along for some time, and we couldn't go on our way for several hours. In the meantime he wanted something to eat, and I must have something.

"'He understood just how I felt.'"

"He tucked me under his arm and trailed me off up the hill, in the wake of a boy who seemed to have been engaged as guide. He was a very magerful man, Bobby; and after a railroad wreck I believe I like magerfulness. I was docile. I was lamblike. You wouldn't have known me.

"The woman of the house was a dear. She took me in and mothered me and purred over me, and was disappointed because I didn't bear a scratch. It cheered her, though, to have a chance at the man's cheek, and she patched it up beautifully. Her man had gone to the wreck, but she had thought somebody might be brought to the house, so she stayed at home. Nobody else wandered up there. She guessed they must have gone to one of the other farmhouses, and she distinctly resented it, but she treated us royally. We had eggs and bacon, Bobby, and two kinds of pie, and something like fifty-seven different varieties of marmalade and pickles. After supper the Man went down to the wreck, but he came back soon—said he wasn't needed.

"The hostess went into the kitchen to 'wash up.' Give me the country for real friendliness, Bobby. I could have loved that woman. Just think how little excitement she must have in her life, and what a godsend we must have been—and yet she wouldn't spoil a *tête-à-tête* for all the world.

"I hope I'm good, Bobby; but I'm not so good as that.

"We had a beautiful time, the Man and I, in that best room. The green crocheted mats and the wax flowers were positively inspiring—and then I was glad to be alive. That gave me an unselfish desire to make things interesting for other people, and I did my best with the limited opportunity offered. I was in love with Providence—but I didn't yet realize the scope of my blessings. I was regarding the Man as plain man. Even in that light he was admirable.

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"He was so sympathetic about my luggage. We went down to the wreck and he had men hunt for my trunk, but there wasn't anything left of it, apparently. I sat on a log and wailed aloud. All my good clothes at one fell swoop—and Daddy hard up!

"It was too much. Of course the clothes were rather shabby, but as I looked back at them they seemed altogether lovely. I'd lost, which was impertinent; but I didn't think so at the time. I accepted it as perfectly natural interest in an overwhelming calamity. I told him about the gowns. I dwelt upon their good points. It was like talking over the virtues of a dead friend. The good points grew as I thought of them. The dressmaker who made those gowns wouldn't have recognized the radiant and

"'I couldn't be responsible for a railroad man's ideas of sundries.'"

And how could I be bridesmaid for Priscilla, in a muddy travelling gown?

"The Man came and sat on the log with me, and I told him all about it. He's the kind of man to whom one tells things. He understood just how I felt, which was wonderful, considering the fact that he had never worn a pink chiffon evening gown and grown attached to it. He asked how many gowns beautiful creations as I presented them, but I didn't mean to exaggerate. The blessings had brightened as they took their flight. I lingered over the opera cloak until the Man asked me if I hadn't ever had my picture taken in it, and said he considered that Fate had been bitterly unkind to him, because he'd never been allowed to tuck me into that cloak. When I came to my white

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Virot hat I cried. Yes, I did, Bobby. It was such a duck of a hat, and I was so tired and shaken up, and I felt as if I'd never be able to buy another hat above Grand Street. The tears just trickled miserably down my nose, and I dabbed at them with my kerchief and sniffled. Yes, I'm afraid I sniffled. I always do when I cry. That's the reason I don't cry often. It isn't pluck. It's vanity. But that white hat! I simply choked over it; and yet, I was smiling like an imbecile, too, over my foolishness.

"The Man looked savage.

"'Don't do that!' he said. 'Don't, I tell you.' I've never been spoken to so, Bobby. It paralyzed me into tearlessness. I wouldn't have expected him to be unsympathetic.

"He looked sheepish, but still savage.

"'If you do that again, I'll—I'll—well, I'll make you angry and scandalize the crowd,' he said.

"After all, I don't believe he's unsympathetic. But I didn't cry any more.

"When our train came we sat together. It was late, but I had to get off at 12.30. The Man handed me over to Priscilla and her brother. He gave me his card, and I asked him to call on Daddy and be properly thanked. He hesitated a minute, and then said he had some influence with the road, and would see that my claim for damages was attended to at once, without legal formalities, if I would fix a valuation. I couldn't do it. The clothes seemed beautiful in retrospect, but I knew they were almost worn out. The train was starting. 'Never mind,' he said; 'I've a sister, and I guess I've a fairly complete inventory. We'll make allowance for sundries.'

"He climbed on the rear platform and was gone.

"I borrowed one of Priscilla's *trousseau* gowns to wear to the wedding, and stayed a week in borrowed clothes.

"The day before I came away I heard from Daddy. He said he had had a letter from the railroad officials, inclosing a check to cover the amount of my loss in the wreck. He had also had a call from the attorney of the road, who explained that he had taken the liberty of attending to my claim because he had been on the train at the time of the accident, and had had the pleasure of being of some slight service to me.

"The check was for $1,500. Daddy was shocked, but said the only thing for it was to take it all as a business matter and make no protest. He considered, however, that I had been dishonest in setting my valuation. He was desperately disapproving. I couldn't make him understand that I didn't deliberately overrate those frocks, and couldn't be responsible for a railroad man's idea of sundries.

"I've had an orgy at my dressmaker's and milliner's. The Gobolink is coming to dine with Daddy to-morrow.

"General solicitor of the road, Bobby!—and he might have been travelling salesman for a hardware firm. Oh, this is a good world.

"Bobby, you don't look happy. I wasn't killed in the wreck, you know. It's not a sad story, at all.

"I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll—I'll—Bobby, when you are so tired of me that you want to put the continent between us, I'll get you a pass."

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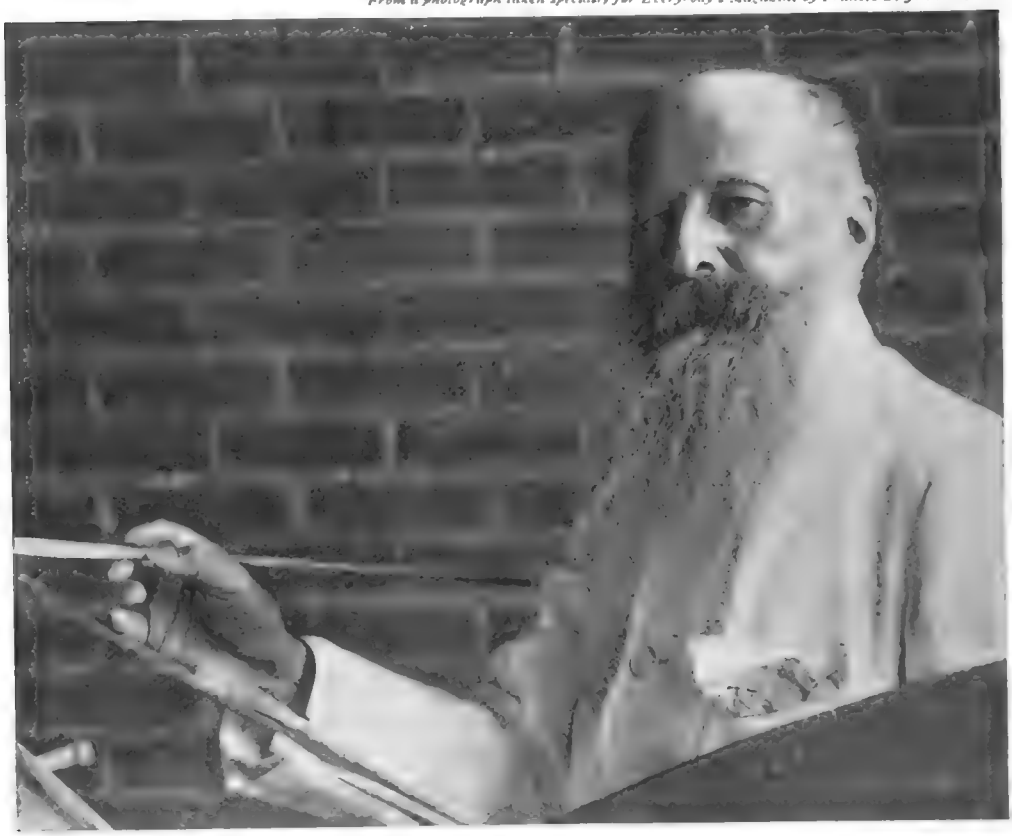
VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

The great Russian battle painter who is now at work on scenes from the battle of San Juan Hill.

From a photograph taken specially for Everybody's Magazine by Frances B. Johnson.



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

His Adventurous Life and His Great Paintings of Elemental Human Nature.

By C. Bryson Taylor.

"—each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It
for the God of Things as They Are."
—Kipling.

"My soldiers shall not look upon his canvases. My generals—that is different; they are supposed to have learned self-control. But the private soldiers must not know beforehand that war is thus." So said Von Moltke of Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian battle painter, The painter is a tall old man, largely built, erect, with keen, kindly brown eyes and a gray beard foaming over his broad breast. The first impression he gives you is of indomitable energy; the second, of absolute sincerity. Sincerity—that is his watchword, the keynote of his work. From the beginning it makes itself felt. He has dared to set down honestly what he has seen and known, without fear or favor; you can take it or leave it, as you will.

His story reads like a tale of adventure, vivid, stirring, full of action and excitement. He is not only a painter, and a great one; he is a man of the world, and a clever one; he is a writer, and a good one. He was the third of seven children; he grew up on the family estates with a free, healthy, outdoor life. It was a life which laid the foundations of the magnificent health, the exuberant vitality. Intending to make a sailor

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of the boy, Verestchagin, Sr. took him off to the naval school at St. Petersburg. But the Academy of Design was across the way, and the fascination of the things behind those walls drew him like a magnet. When he was seventeen the artist soul of him triumphed and he broke away from his naval studies and devoted himself to his chosen work.

At twenty-two Verestchagin was in Paris, studying under Gérôme; at twenty-seven his passion for war led him into following the Russian army into Asia. Here he camped with the soldiers, joined in skirmishing parties, and many times was ordered back from the firing line by irate officers. Then he married, and set off for British India. There, too, his life was one of adventure; he froze in the snows of the desolate Himalayas, and sweltered in the blistering sun of the tangled lowlands.

On the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War, he became attached as artist to the army of the Czar. This time his intrepidity got him into trouble. On the occasion of the action of Parapan, on the Danube, he persuaded his friend, Lieutenant Skrydloff, to let him take part in the attack. The Russian naval troops were to place torpedoes in the Danube at certain strategic points; if the Turkish ironclads attempted to prevent this, Skrydloff was to deliver an attack with his torpedo boat. The ironclads did object to the torpedo-laying, and for those aboard the little torpedo boat it looked as though the fight would be to a finish. Skrydloff and Verestchagin were wounded, and the boat was terribly knocked to pieces. Verestchagin was taken to the hospital, but he managed to "escape" in time to be in at the storming of Plevna. He assisted as secretary in the ensuing peace negotiations and then returned to Paris.

The spirit of restlessness once more possessed him; he started again for India, where he wandered up and down the Long Road, absorbing himself in the sunshine and glory of that country of mystery. But although his Indian pictures are full of tropic warmth and riot of color, it is by his pictures of war that he is best known. This great artist chooses war because he has an innate desire to dig down to bedrock, and war is about the most elementary thing left in modern times, when the world has been civilized out of pretty much all save the desire to kill.

A talk with Mr. Verestchagin threw interesting light upon the painter's personality and upon his views of things in general and art in particular. He prefers human nature to nature. He does not understand why the modern schools of art should take such an intense and absorbing interest in "cows, sheep; a little boat in a little bit of water; a rock, covered with moss, reflected in another little bit of water." From these things he argues, a man living two centuries hence could form little idea of the life of our day, and it is his belief that art should be the exponent of the present-day life quite as much as should letters. In this light an exhibition which he recently saw seemed to impress him tremendously.

"It was cows—cows—all cows!" he said with rapid gesticulation and a twinkle that relieved his serious manner. "An exhibition of cows. A cow is very nice—two cows are still very nice; but when one has five, ten, a roomful of cows, one says, 'These are beautiful and well done, but—where is something else?' If the young artists of to-day would but open their eyes to the society, the life of the world that is around them, they would find great pictures crying to be painted. In the face of every man, every woman we pass upon the street, there is a history. Some day some young man will read these histories; will write or paint or carve what he finds, with a little bit of his own soul to keep the life in it, and the world will say, 'There is a genius!' But it will only be because that young man will have learned to use his eyes, and will be willing to give himself to what he sees. He must give to his work his own flesh, his own blood, his own soul. Then he will be sincere; and that is what one must have—sincerity. But no work, however well it may be done, can live unless it has the human interest in it."

The subject which Mr. Verestchagin now has in hand is a series of paintings of the battle of San Juan Hill, with President Roosevelt as a prominent figure in the scene. The sketches made at Fort Myer, Va., last February, did not show the brilliant foliage of a certain prominent tree in the landscape, and were accordingly criticised by President Roosevelt. The realist, Verestchagin, therefore, went to Cuba early in July to get a correct impression of the verdure at that season when the battle was fought. He was at work when the illness of a son called him to Europe late in August.

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ROUND THE CIRCLE.

By Sidney Porter.

"FIND yo' shirt all right, Sam?" asked Mrs. Webber, from her chair under the live-oak, where she was comfortably seated with a paper-back volume for company.

"It balances perfeckly, Marthy," answered Sam, with a suspicious pleasantness in his tone. "At first I was about ter be a little reckless and kick 'cause ther buttons was all off, but since I diskiver that the button holes is all busted out, why, I wouldn't go so fur as to say the buttons is any loss to speak of."

"Oh, well," said his wife carelessly, "put on your necktie—that'll keep it together."

Sam Webber's sheep ranch was situated in the loneliest part of the country between the Nueces and the Frio. The ranch house—a two-room, box structure, was on the rise of a gently swelling hill in the midst of a wilderness of high chaparral. In front of it was a small clearing where stood the sheep pens, shearing shed and wool house. Only a few feet back of it began the thorny jungle.

Sam was going to ride over to the Chapman ranch to see about buying some more improved merino rams. At length he came out, ready for his ride. This being a business trip of some importance, and the Chapman ranch being almost a small town in population and size, Sam had decided to "dress up" accordingly. The result was that he had transformed himself from a graceful, picturesque frontiersman into something much less pleasing to the sight. The tight white collar awkwardly constricted his muscular, mahogany-colored neck. The buttonless shirt bulged in stiff waves beneath his unbuttoned vest. The suit of "ready-made" effectually concealed the fine lines of his straight, athletic figure. His berry-brown face was set to the melancholy dignity befitting a prisoner of state. He gave Randy, his three-year old son, a pat on the head, and hurried out to where Mexico, his favorite saddlehorse, was standing.

Marthy, leisurely rocking in her chair, fixed her place in the book with her finger, and turned her head, smiling mischievously as she noted the havoc Sam had wrought with his appearance in trying to "fix up."

"Well, ef I must say it, Sam," she drawled, "you look jest like one of them hayseeds in the picture papers, 'stead of a free and independent sheepman of ther State o' Texas."

Sam climbed awkwardly into the saddle.

"You're the one ought to be 'shamed to say so," he replied hotly. " 'Stead of 'tendin' to a man's clothes you al'ays settin' around a-readin' them billy-by-dam yaller-back novils."

"Oh, shet up and ride along," said Mrs. Webber, with a little jerk at the handles of her chair; "you al'ays fussin' 'bout my readin'. I do a-plenty; and I'll read when I wanter. I live in the bresh here like a varmint, never seein' nor hearin' nothin', and what other 'musement kin I have? Not in listenin' to you talk, for it's complain, complain, one day after another. Oh, go on, Sam, and leave me in peace."

Sam gave his pony a squeeze with his knees and "shoved" down the wagon trail that connected his ranch with the old, open Government road. It was eight o'clock, and already beginning to be very warm. He should have started three hours earlier. Chapman ranch was only eighteen miles away, but there was a road for only three miles of the distance. He had ridden over there once with one of the Half-Moon cowpunchers, and he had the direction well defined in his mind.

Sam turned off the old Government road at the split mesquite, and struck down the arroyo of the Quintanilla. Here was a narrow stretch of smiling valley, upholstered with a rich mat of green, curly mesquite grass; and Mexico consumed those few miles quickly with his long, easy lope. Again, upon reaching Wild Duck Waterhole, must he abandon well-defined ways. He turned now to his right up a little hill, pebble-covered, upon which grew only the tenacious and thorny prickly pear and chaparral. At the summit of this he paused to take his last general view of the landscape, for, from now on, he must wind through brakes and thickets of chaparral, pear and mesquite, for the most part seeing scarcely farther than twenty yards in any direction, choosing his way by the prairie-dweller's instinct, guided only by an occasional glimpse of a far-distant

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hilltop, a peculiarly shaped knot of trees, or the position of the sun.

Sam rode down the sloping hill and plunged into the great pear flat that lies between the Quintanilla and the Piedra.

In about two hours he discovered that he was lost. Then came the usual confusion of mind and the hurry to get somewhere. Mexico was anxious to redeem the situation, twisting with alacrity along the tortuous labyrinths of the jungle. At the moment his master's sureness of the route had failed his horse had divined the fact. There were no hills now that they could climb to obtain a view of the country. They came upon a few, but so dense and interlaced was the brush that scarcely could a rabbit penetrate the mass. They were in the great, lonely thicket of the Frio bottoms.

It was a mere nothing for a cattleman or a sheepman to be lost for a day or a night. The thing often happened. It was merely a matter of missing a meal or two and sleeping comfortably on your saddle blankets on a soft mattress of mesquite grass. But in Sam's case it was different. He had never been away from his ranch at night. Marthy was afraid of the country—afraid of Mexicans, of snakes, of panthers, even of sheep. So he had never left her alone.

It must have been about four in the afternoon when Sam's conscience awoke. He was limp and drenched—rather from anxiety than the heat or fatigue. Until now he had been hoping to strike the trail that led to the Frio crossing and the Chapman ranch. He must have crossed it at some dim part of it and ridden beyond. If so he was now something like fifty miles from home. If he could strike a ranch—a camp—any place where he could get a fresh horse and inquire the road, he would ride all night to get back to Marthy and the kid.

So, as I have hinted, Sam was seized by remorse. There was a big lump in his throat as he thought of the cross words he had spoken to his wife. Surely it was hard enough for her to live in that horrible country without having to bear the burden of his abuse. He cursed himself grimly, and felt a sudden flush of shame that overglowed the summer heat as he remembered the many times he had flouted and railed at her because she had a liking for reading fiction.

"Ther only so'ce ov amusement ther po' gal's got," said Sam aloud, with a sob, which unaccustomed sound caused Mexico to shy a bit. "A-livin' with a sore-headed kiote like me—a low-down skunk that ought to be licked to death with a saddle cinch—a-cookin' and a-washin' and a-livin' on mutton and beans—and me abusin' her fur takin' a squint or two in a little book!"

He thought of Marthy as she had been when he first met her in Dogtown—smart, pretty and saucy—before the sun had turned the roses in her cheeks brown and the silence of the chaparral had tamed her ambitions.

"Ef I ever speaks another hard word to ther little gal," muttered Sam, "or fails in the love and affection that's comin' to her in the deal, I hopes a wildcat'll t'ar me to pieces."

He knew what he would do. He would write to Garcia & Jones, his San Antonio merchants where he bought his supplies and sold his wool, and have them send down a big box of novels and reading matter for Marthy. Things were going to be different. He wondered whether a little piano could be placed in one of the rooms of the ranch house without the family having to move out of doors.

In nowise calculated to allay his self-reproach was the thought that Marthy and Randy would have to pass that night alone. In spite of their bickerings, when night came Marthy was wont to dismiss her fears of the country, and rest her head upon Sam's strong arm with a sigh of peaceful content and dependence. And were her fears so groundless? Sam thought of roving, marauding Mexicans, of stealthy cougars that sometimes invaded the ranches, of rattlesnakes, centipedes and a dozen possible dangers. Marthy would be frantic with fear. Randy would cry, and call for "dada" to come.

Still the interminable succession of stretches of brush, cactus and mesquite. Hollow after hollow, slope after slope—all exactly alike—all familiar by constant repetition, and yet all strange and new. If he could only arrive *somewhere*.

The straight line is Art. Nature moves in circles. A straightforward man is more an artificial product than a diplomatist is. Men lost in the snow travel in exact circles until they sink, exhausted, as their footprints have attested. Also, travelers in philosophy and other mental processes frequently wind up at their starting-point.

It was when Sam Webber was fullest of contrition and good resolves that Mexico,

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with a heavy sigh, subsided from his regular, brisk trot into a slow complacent walk. They were winding up an easy slope covered with brush ten or twelve feet high.

"I say now, Mex," demurred Sam, "this here won't do. I know you're plumb tired out, but we got ter git along. Oh, Lordy, ain't there no mo' houses in the world!" He gave Mexico a smart kick with his heels.

Mexico gave a protesting grunt as if to say: "What's the use of that, now we're so near?" He quickened his gait into a languid trot. Rounding a great clump of black chaparral, he stopped short. Sam dropped the bridle reins and sat, looking into the back door of his own house, not ten yards away.

Marthy, serene and comfortable, sat in her rocking-chair before the door in the shade of the house, with her feet resting luxuriously upon the steps. Randy, who was playing with a pair of spurs on the ground, looked up for a moment at his father and went on spinning the rowels and singing a little song. Marthy turned her head lazily against the back of the chair and considered the arrivals with emotionless eyes. She held a book in her lap with her finger holding the place.

Sam shook himself queerly, like a man coming out of a dream, and slowly dismounted. He moistened his dry lips.

"I see you are still a-settin'," he said, "a-readin' of them billy-by-dam yaller-back novils."

Sam had traveled round the circle and was himself again.

THE CACTUS.

By Sidney Porter.

THE most notable thing about Time is that it is so purely relative. A large amount of reminiscence is, by common consent, conceded to the drowning man; and it is not past belief that one may review an entire courtship while removing one's gloves.

That is what Trysdale was doing, standing by a table in his bachelor apartments. On the table stood a singular-looking green plant in a red earthen jar. The plant was one of the species of cacti, and was provided with long, tentacular leaves that perpetually swayed with the slightest breeze with a peculiar beckoning motion.

Trysdale's friend, the brother of the bride, stood at a sideboard complaining at being allowed to drink alone. Both men were in evening dress. White favors like stars upon their coats shone through the gloom of the apartment.

As he slowly unbuttoned his gloves, there passed through Trysdale's mind a swift, scarifying retrospect of the last few hours. It seemed that in his nostrils was still the scent of the flowers that had been banked in odorous masses about the church, and in his ears the low-pitched hum of a thousand well-bred voices, the rustle of crisp garments, and, most insistently recurring, the drawling words of the minister irrevocably binding her to another.

From this last, hopeless point of view he still strove, as if it had become a habit of his mind, to reach some conjecture as to why and how he had lost her. Shaken rudely by the uncompromising fact, he had suddenly found himself confronted by a thing he had never before faced—his own innermost, unmitigated and unbedecked self. He saw all the garbs of pretense and egoism that he had worn now turn to rags of folly. He shuddered at the thought that to others, before now, the garments of his soul must have appeared sorry and threadbare. Vanity and conceit! These were the joints in his armor. And how free from either she had always been! But why——

As she had slowly moved up the aisle toward the altar he had felt an unworthy, sullen exultation that had served to support him. He had told himself that her paleness was from thoughts of another than the man to whom she was about to give herself. But even that poor consolation had been wrenched from him. For, when he saw that swift, limpid, upward look that she gave the man when he took her hand, he knew himself to be forgotten. Once that same look had been raised to him, and he had gauged its meaning. Indeed, his conceit had crumbled; its last prop was gone. Why had it ended thus? There had been no quarrel between them, nothing——

For the thousandth time he remarshalled in his mind the events of those last few days before the tide had so suddenly turned.

She had always insisted upon placing him upon a pedestal, and he had accepted her homage with royal grandeur. It had been a very sweet incense that she had burned before him; so modest (he told himself), so childlike and worshipful, and (he would once have sworn) so sincere. She had invested him with an almost supernatural num-

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ber of high attributes and excellencies and talents, and he had absorbed the oblation as a desert drinks the rain that can coax from it no promise of blossom or fruit.

As Trysdale grimly wrenched apart the seam of his last glove, the crowning instance of his fatuous and tardily mourned egoism came vividly back to him.

The scene was the night when he had asked her to come up on his pedestal with him and share his greatness. He could not, now, for the pain of it, allow his mind to dwell upon the memory of her convincing beauty that night—the careless wave of her hair, the tenderness and virginal charm of her looks and words. But they had been enough, and they had brought him to speak. During their conversation she had said:

"And Captain Carruthers tells me that you speak the Spanish language like a native. Why have you hidden this accomplishment from me? Is there anything you do not know?"

Now, Carruthers was an idiot. No doubt he (Trysdale) had been guilty (he sometimes did such things) of airing at the club some old, canting Castilian proverb dug from the hotch-potch at the back of dictionaries. Carruthers, who was one of his incontinent admirers, was the very man to have magnified this exhibition of doubtful erudition.

But, alas! the incense of her admiration had been so sweet and flattering. He allowed the imputation to pass without denial. Without protest, he allowed her to twine about his brow this spurious bay of Spanish scholarship. He let it grace his conquering head, and, among its soft convolutions, he did not feel the prick of the thorn that was to pierce him later.

How glad, how shy, how tremulous she was! How she fluttered like a snared bird when he laid his mightiness at her feet! He could have sworn, and he could swear now, that unmistakable consent was in her eyes, but, coyly, she would give him no direct answer. "I will send you my answer to-morrow," she said; and he, the indulgent, confident victor, smilingly granted the delay.

The next day he waited, impatient, in his rooms for the word. At noon her groom came to the door and left the strange cactus in the red earthen jar. There was no note, no message, merely a tag upon the plant bearing a barbarous foreign or botanical name. He waited until night, but her answer did not come. His large pride and hurt vanity kept him from seeking her. Two evenings later they met at a dinner. Their greetings were conventional, but she looked at him, breathless, wondering, eager. He was courteous adamant, waiting her explanation. With womanly swiftness she took her cue from his manner, and turned to snow and ice. Thus, and wider from this on, they had drifted apart. Where was his fault? Who had been to blame? Humbled now, he sought the answer amid the ruins of his self-conceit. If——

The voice of the other man in the room, querously intruding upon his thoughts, aroused him.

"I say, Trysdale, what the deuce is the matter with you? You look as unhappy as if you yourself had been married instead of having acted merely as an accomplice. Look at me, another accessory, come two thousand miles on a garlicky, cockroachy banana steamer all the way from South America to connive at the sacrifice—please to observe how lightly my guilt rests upon my shoulders. Only little sister I had, too, and now she's gone. Come now! take something to ease your conscience."

"I won't drink just now, thanks," said Trysdale.

"Your brandy," resumed the other, coming over and joining him, "is abominable. Run down to see me some time at Punta Redonda, and try some of our stuff that old Garcia smuggles in. It's worth the trip. Hallo! here's an old acquaintance. Whereever did you rake up this cactus, Trysdale?"

"A present," said Trysdale, "from a friend. Know the species?"

"Very well. It's a tropical concern. See hundreds of 'em around Punta every day. Here's the name on this tag tied to it. Know any Spanish, Trysdale?"

"No," said Trysdale, with the bitter wraith of a smile,—"Is it Spanish?"

"Yes. The natives imagine the leaves are reaching out and beckoning to you. They call it by this name—'*Ventomarme.*' Name means in English, 'Come and take me.'"

THE BUTTON.

By Mary Stewart Cutting.

CLICKY, clicky, clicky, clicky, clicky—it was the sewing-machine going at full tilt upstairs. She was reeling off yard after yard of muslin ruffles while the western sun of a late summer afternoon streamed across her small flushed face. Her husband

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had come home, and tiptoed his long figure over the billowed ruffles to kiss her and tell her to stop sewing and to receive her answer, as her feet pressed on the pedals and the wheels whirred.

"I can't stop until I finish this dress. Bridget leaves to-morrow, and if I don't get it done now I *never* will. I've had nothing but interruptions the whole livelong day, or I'd have finished *hours* ago. If you'll just leave me awhile——"

He tiptoed out obediently to the little room at the end of the hall, and whistled a call out of the window. A moment later a pair of bare legs below a white sailor suit had carried the towsled-headed owner to his father's presence.

"Chris!"

"Yes, papa."

"Do you think you could get me the shoe thread and a large needle without mamma's knowing it?"

The boy looked dubious.

"I don't know; I'll *try* it. Why don't you?"

The father shook his head. "I'd be sure to disturb her. And besides, I want to get a chance to sew a button on this coat—sew it on to *stay*."

The boy's eyes gave a responsive gleam. A shame-faced yet humorous confidence was swiftly apparent between the two.

"Mamma gives two jabs with the needle through the button and then whirls half a spool of cotton around the shank," said the husband and father. "You get me that black shoe thread, my son."

He listened to hear the boy's voice saying to the clicking machine:

"Mamma, the shoe thread isn't in your basket; where is it?"

"It *is* in the basket."

"No, it isn't."

"Then it's rolled under the table. I *cannot* get up to look for anything."

"Oh, no, I don't want you to. It isn't under the table, it——"

The machine came to a sudden stop that sent the wheel spinning causelessly. The man in the hall room trembled.

"*Here's* the shoe thread, before your eyes, just where I said it was, under the table." The machine spurred up to its slighted task with fierce speed.

"Well, why don't you go?" It was her voice again. "What are you looking for now?"

"I—I'm looking for a needle—a big needle—I——"

"Why on earth didn't you tell me when I was up?" The listener held on to his coat guiltily.

"Isn't there one in the cushion?"

"No."

"Look in the needle-book then." Her voice rose over the clatter of the machine, going like a fast horse on a stony road. "*You're stepping on that ruffle!* I—Don't you *see* the needle-book? The brown one. I——" again the chair was pushed back and the wheel whirred loose once more. "*Take* this needle! And go!"

"It was too bad to bother poor mamma," said the husband remorsefully.

He took off his coat and extracted a button from the pocket, laying them both on the bed by him. He broke off a length of thread and endeavoured to get one end of it stiffened.

"Your grandmother always kept a bit of yellow wax in her work-basket to wax thread with," he explained to Chris, who sat on the bed by the coat, elbows on knees, chin on palms, watching the father. "Your mamma never has any. I suppose it isn't the fashion nowadays." He took the needle, held it firmly in his right hand, and advanced the eye of it toward the thread in his left hand.

"That isn't the way mamma threads a needle," said the boy suspiciously.

"No, but it's the way *I* thread it. I thread it according to Hoyle. See there? Comin' through all right—that's the ticket! Hold the needle while I knot the ends—there! Now give me that button. You've got a chance now, son, to see a button sewed on the way it *should* be sewed on—sewed on to stay."

"*Harvey Wilson!*"

She stood in the doorway, flushed and panting, her eyes moist, her face tragic, scraps of muslin bedecking her skirt, a strand of yellow hair falling across one cheek. Father and son quailed before that figure, small in size, large in wrath.

"Harvey Wilson—*Give* me that needle!" She swooped down upon him and whisked needle, coat and button out of his detaining fingers.

"The *idea* of you sewing on buttons yourself! I didn't think you'd be as mean as *that* to me—ever! not to *tell* me when you wanted a button sewed on—but to sneak off and do it yourself."

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Her fingers were nervously jabbing the needle a couple of times through the button.

"As if I neglected you, as if I didn't always *want* to sew buttons on for you—as if you had no wife at all! Yes, and you'd go and brag that you *always* sewed on your own buttons! You'd tell everybody in the street, you——. There! Oh, I'm *so* tired, and I've stitched that last ruffle all wrong! Oh, *Harvey!*"

His arms received the form hurled at them. The boy slipped from the bed and put his short arms round the pair, with a happy smile.

"If Bridget leaves to-morrow," said the Head of the House collectedly after a moment, "let's take Chris for once and go down to Manhattan and feel the breeze blow through us! We've *both* sewed enough for one day."

A WOMAN'S VICTORY FOR SCHOOLS.

How Miss Margaret Haley Supplied Chicago's Treasury with Money to Pay Teachers' Salaries.

By Dr. A. E. Winship.

Editor of the *Journal of Education*, Boston.

TO the agitation led by a sixth grade teacher in the public schools is due the recent payment to Chicago of nearly $600,000 in back taxes by the franchise corporations. Moreover, within a year past as much more money as that has been received by the city, due entirely to her activity in this matter. It is also made sure that more than a million dollars a year will come from the same source hereafter, because of this agitation. —

On Wednesday morning, December 27, 1899, Miss Margaret Haley expected to remain a sixth grade teacher, but three days later she realized that she and Miss Catherine Goggin had launched the six thousand grade-teachers of Chicago on a great mission; the office of the county clerk understood that something startling was about to happen; the president of the Board of Education had his eyes opened to great possibilities; and ex-Governor John P. Altgeld had reason to think that Chicago had a modern Joan of Arc in civil affairs.

Catherine Goggin and Margaret Haley were face to face with a stupendous proposition, when as grade-teachers, without money influence or experience in public affairs they entered upon the fierce contest with every street-railway in Chicago, the gas and electric light companies, with the telephone, the Pullman and the Armour companies.

In order to understand why women teachers led off in this tax fight, it is necessary to recall the essential preliminary facts. In 1897 the grade-teachers of Chicago petitioned the School Board to place the salaries of grade-teachers who had a ten years' experience on the same basis as that of the firemen, policemen, and postmen. The public sentiment in their favor was so pronounced that the School Board could not withstand it, and in March, 1898, they were voted salaries of $1,000 a year, an increase of $175 a year on what they had been receiving. Of this, $75 was paid at once, $50 more was to be paid the following January and the other $50 on January 1, 1900. When the first $50 was due it was not paid, but assurance was given that it would be paid, together with the final $50, on January 1, 1900. But on X-mas Eve, 1899, the statement was made that there was no money for the teachers, followed by the still more extraordinary statement that the school year would be shortened with a consequent reduction of salary.

It was well, therefore, that a woman teacher should discover that the Public Franchise Corporations, which had escaped taxation on $235,000,000, were responsible for this marvellous condition of the civic finances.

Fortunately Miss Haley and Miss Goggin are very sensible women. They understood that their mission was to be no holiday ex-

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cursion. They saw arrayed against them the county officials who had connived with the corporations, and those among the State officials who had lent themselves to this great wrong; they foresaw a series of court trials with appeal upon appeal; they knew they would be opposed by leading financiers of fabulous wealth, who would employ the most powerful legal talent, both for the bar and the lobby.

They saw that it was indispensable that there should be adequate financial support and that there should be that public vote-sentiment which officials, politicians and corporations always respect.

In the campaign of 1897 for the increase of teachers' salaries the leaders had sent to the 6,000 grade-teachers a request for a contribution of twenty-five cents each. The collecting of this assessment established communications between the leaders and at least one woman in every school who was ready for any service. A year later the Chicago Teachers' Federation was formed with a membership consisting of all those who had contributed to this salary-fight fund. This organization was therefore in readiness for the emergency created by Miss Haley's discovery.

Miss Goggin, as president of the Federation, called a meeting of the whole body for Saturday, January 6th, at which time Miss Haley stated both the possibilities and the magnitude of the undertaking. She read a letter from President Harris of the School Board, endorsing their proposed action, promising Miss Goggin and herself a leave of absence, and giving encouragement that their salaries would be paid by the board

Then it was that the rank and file, the women on the floor, took up the fight and made it their own. Without a day's delay they voted that the Board of Education be not called upon to pay one cent of the expense, but to raise $2,000 themselves, and to continue the fight until all the wrongs, resulting from tax dodging, were righted. Within ten days the teachers paid in the $2,000.

Vote-sentiment was also indispensable to success. This is quite a different thing from that mere public sentiment which is often a harmless exhalation of good intentions. There was then but one daily paper in Chicago which had sympathy with their fight, and this was soon bought up in the interest of the corporations. To the editors of the other papers, the agitation meant only a lot of trouble and possibly an inconvenient burst of reform mischief, but they did not see that it necessarily meant more money in the treasury of the city, or even an improvement in existing conditions.

Miss Haley, however, understood that though she could not have the help of the editorial columns, she could nevertheless have access to the news departments of the papers. She argued that news made vote-sentiment faster than did editorials. Voters read the news while stay-at-homes read learned editorials.

The first important news given to the public was the report of the Teachers' Federation meeting of January 6, 1900. The report was abbreviated, but it was sufficient to awaken interest. The men of Chicago saw by the headlines and the brief statement that the city's virtual bankruptcy was due to the failure of the franchise corporations to pay their taxes; that the women teachers had set apart two of their number to fight for the money of which the city had been defrauded, and had voted to raise $2,000.

Naturally, everybody believed the corporations capable of dodging the taxes, but no one believed that they could be made to pay them. Everyone said, however, "These women are plucky to raise $2,000."

News-making meetings of the teachers were frequent after February, 1900. Teachers and pupils coöperated in the distribution of flyers before a meeting; the district where it was to be held was flooded with them. In most of the churches they were given out to the congregation; newsdealers put them in their papers; stores and markets inserted them in their parcels; they were tacked on telephone poles, put up in barber shops, and even saloon keepers placed them in their windows.

For these meetings the teachers always enlisted prominent speakers; among these were Jane Addams, the Rev. Dr. Thomas of the People's Church, the Rev. Thomas E. Cox, Kate Starr Kellogg, Dr. Francis M. Dickinson, the Rev. Dr. Leach, the Rev. Dr. R. A. White and the Right Rev. John L. Spaulding.

Nearly every local personage who had any ambition for office asked to be upon the programmes, and veritable surprises in the political records of Chicago grew out of these gatherings. Men could not allow a large and enthusiastic meeting in their district to

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go on without being present. Vote-sentiment proved to be not difficult to create.

The initial work of these women was of intense detail. They mastered the revenue laws of the State, especially in their application to Cook County with the almost endless complications arising from the annexation of villages and townships. No lawyer has questioned Miss Haley's complete knowledge of the history, philosophy and working of these laws.

She then went through the old reports of the State Board of Equalization covering a period of twenty-eight years, and made comparative statements, until she had a command of facts and figures possessed by few lawyers, city officials, or statisticians. She mastered the reports of the State Auditor for the current year so far as they bore upon tax questions. She possessed herself of the reports of the great franchise corporations to their stockholders. She studied the daily sales of the Stock Exchange, working out the average market price. Before she was through with these corporations, she knew what no stockholder, director, or attorney knew about their history and records. At one time in the official proceedings, the attorneys of these corporations came to her for figures and inserted them in their reports, as they were more reliable than any others.

It took the corporations some time to understand that Miss Haley knew a great deal more about their properties than they did themselves. Long afterwards, in May, 1902, because of her investigations the auditor of the largest franchise corporation was led to make astonishing statements concerning the deliberate falsification of official reports to the stockholders, until the attorney of that corporation found it a relief to admit to the judge that the reports to stockholders are apt to be vaporings of ink, with the least value in an estimate of the worth of the property. Then Miss Haley's triumph was complete, and she had her reward for her invincible toiling in the dusty reports.

Finally, Miss Haley studied every Supreme Court decision concerning the franchise corporations in the State and Federal Courts of Illinois. Day and night she lived in these studies until she had wormed out every item of importance. It was her custom, whenever she made a discovery of moment, to hold a mass-meeting and give the facts to the public with startling vividness. Though the press would not announce these meetings, nevertheless reporters were present who never failed to give the news to their readers.

The first mass-meeting in Central Music Hall, Chicago, serves as a good illustration of Miss Haley's method. She had printed for the occasion portions of the revenue law relative to the powers and duties of the State Board, also Supreme Court decisions bearing upon the case; and in another circular she gave the State Board's report of 1899, showing the assessment on the capital stock of the corporations of Cook County; the assessments of the railroads for ten years; the assessment of real estate, personal property, and capital stock of the corporations, and a special exhibit which showed the real value of the two leading street-railway corporations, the gas and telephone companies. This last exhibit showed what these particular companies had escaped in taxes, as a sample of the tax dodging of the others. These circulars were placed in the hands of the people before the opening of the meeting, and were then carefully explained from the platform, and later received a natural attention from the press.

On one occasion a member of the Board of Equalization denied a statement made by one of the speakers.

"Come right up here," said Miss Haley. He protested, but the audience insisted.

"I am glad to see at last a member of this Board in the flesh, and shall be pleased to have you tell us about your Board and its operations," and Miss Haley proceeded to twist him in an inextricable snarl, while the audience jeered and guyed him until, like an awkward boy, he stood frowning and grinning in turn, and looking for a place of escape. At last he made a bold break and fled amid a roar of laughter.

In January, 1902, the women asked permission to hold their public meetings in the school halls, but were refused the privilege by the Board of Education. When Miss Haley learned this, she said, "They will change their minds," and in less than four months the Board unanimously voted that the use of school halls be allowed for the consideration of educational and public questions.

A bill was brought before the last Legislature of Illinois permitting Chicago to vote as to whether it was desirable for the city to own and operate its gas, electric light, and street-railway plants. The corporations did their utmost to stop the passage of the bill, but only succeeded in hampering it with

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a requirement that, to bring the bill into force, a petition to the Legislature must be presented, signed by 25 per cent. of the rate payers, who should give the number and street, ward and precinct of their residences. The corporations regarded this requirement as practically prohibitive, since it would necessitate the procuring of 93,000 signatures, and since the petition had to be presented sixty days before the date set for the polling of the vote.

The Chicago papers, with one important exception, were opposed to the referendum, and to the municipal operation of the plants. Miss Haley, on the contrary, considered the success of the petition as indispensable for the tangible evidence which it would afford of the large extent to which vote-sentiment existed; and it was largely under her directions that the campaign was fought.

Not one of the six thousand teachers could sign that petition, but their influence procured the signatures of 109,000 legal voters of Chicago. Here were 16,000 names more than the 25 per cent. required by the Legislature, almost 20 per cent. more than were needed.

When the corporations, lawyers, and politicians saw what had been done they were dismayed, but consoled themselves with the assurance that the rate-payers would not vote as they had petitioned; that should be prevented when the time came. But there were others who could influence the voters besides the corporations. The women teachers and school children, not one of whom could vote, wore a simple badge, "Vote for me." When the count was made, the corporations, lawyers, politicians of both of the great parties, and every newspaper but one in the city, had rallied 25,000 votes, while the friends of the referendum had cast 146,000.

The results of Miss Haley's success were more far reaching than any mere question of the payment of back taxes. For instance, early in June, 1902, the street-car men of Chicago prepared for a strike. Their case was grievous. No labor leaders had hitherto seen any chance to improve their condition, as the traction companies had unprecedented autocratic, anti-union power. Suddenly, without the semblance of a struggle, the traction companies granted everything their employees asked them. Why this change of policy? Undoubtedly it was due to the fact that these corporations were already confronted with Miss Haley's tax suit and with her referendum record of six to one, and that, in comparison with these, the question of labor or of hours of working was insignificant.

Reference has been made to one important exception to the position taken by the Chicago papers towards the women's agitation. Miss Haley and Miss Goggin entered upon their work on the eve of New Year, 1900, and on the following Fourth of July a new daily appeared which announced itself as the teachers' champion. It would not be easy to conceive of greater prejudice than that which at first existed against the new paper. No success for it was believed possible. Nevertheless it grew rapidly in circulation and influence.

In view of what she has accomplished, it may be interesting to learn something of the history of Margaret Haley. Her father was one of the men who came to America in the first half of the nineteenth century and went West, to breathe a new freedom and to aid in the development there of better conditions than those to be found in the Old World or even the older New World. Mr. Haley and his children led the strenuous life before that word became a fad. He bought, and his children read, the works of the masters. Margaret early knew her Adam Smith and John Stewart Mill. Her mother was a noble woman whose inspiration was not lost on the children. At a critical hour in the tax fight, when the startling extent of existing corruption was revealed, Margaret said, "No son of my mother could have done such wrong."

At sixteen years of age Miss Haley taught her first school. In short skirts, with hair hanging loosely on her shoulders, she went to the school-house in a neighboring village. A lad was playing marbles in the school yard. Margaret got down beside him, and took a snap herself. One by one the children entered the school room together.

"Where's the teacher?" said the lad.

"She is here all right," said the girl teacher as she touched the bell.

After a brief experience as teacher in the rural district, she attended the Cook County Normal School, and became a grade teacher in Chicago, where she remained until circumstances led her to engage in the tax fight, the results of which have made Miss Goggin and herself interesting leaders in the educational world.

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print *practical* suggestions for women who wish to make money. An announcement regarding accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements. The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department and to pay for accepted contributions.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Travelling Exchange is meeting with success, Mrs. Chapin reporting a large correspondence. With the hearty coöperation of consignors this enterprise should prove a boon to those who wish to sell their handwork but cannot afford the regular exchange fees. Address Mrs. Ada E. Chapin, 44 Allen street, Springfield, Mass.

From Mayfield, Ky., we hear that two enterprising women living in the business part of the town expect to make "fudge" for sale, to start an old-fashioned garden, and to teach whist. The suggestion is also made that a woman living in a small town can make a good living by investing $15.00 in a pleater. A Mayfield woman has done this, working for dressmakers and anyone who wishes pleating done.

Mrs. Annie G. Brown, 4459 Dolman avenue, St. Louis, Mo., asks us to state that, overwhelmed with applications for the receipt of baking powder, she can give it only to those who *need* it for support.

One of our subscribers has recently patented a certain article for women who sew. She desires active, responsible agents as demonstrators, requiring and giving references.

THE PACKAGE DELIVERY.

AN occupation which will recommend itself to a woman of practical business ability is the package delivery. It requires no capital, can be conducted personally, or boys can be employed under supervision. Of course, as business grew, a vehicle would be required.

The case of a woman who was left a widow with two boys, one ten years of age, the other fourteen, will show what may be accomplished by pluck and purpose. She owned the cottage in which she lived, but had not a cent of income. Summoning her resolution, she went to the merchants of the place and laid her plans before them. The groceries and the two large department stores which the little city contained of course had their own systems of delivery. But the clothing, millinery, drug and book stores were the field from which she drew her patrons.

A few of the merchants contracted for a monthly sum, others paid at the rate of ten cents per package without regard to size. During school hours she attended to the deliveries herself, her sons assisting in the work in their leisure time. At the end of the year she had worked up a profitable business, having purchased a horse and wagon, and now lives comfortably on her income.

MRS. ALMA A. ROGERS.

BAKED BEANS.

THERE must be hundreds of New England men and women in the larger towns and cities of the Middle and Western States who long for the baked beans of their childhood more than they do for mother's pies. Now why can't some woman bake these beans in New England style and furnish them Saturday nights or Sunday mornings to the exiled Yankees? In Boston the bake shops cook them in large quantities to retail by the quart or pint, or they bake them in little pint pots with a small piece of crisp brown pork on the top and send them out to their regular customers in this attractive shape. They are specially desirable cooked in this way for small families, for dwellers in apartments, or for the many students and workers who live in lodgings and provide some of their own meals. The woman who would undertake this work must get a line of customers before beginning. She would need but little capital, the bean pots being inexpensive and the pork and the beans not necessitating a very large outlay At first she could cook them at home. When her customers increase, as they will if she sells the real Boston baked beans, she can arrange with some baker to cook them after she has prepared them. She will not make a fortune by this business, but can add to her pin money very materially.

F. S. HUNT.

BUY OLD NECKTIES.

A NEW way for women to earn money is to buy old neckties and renovate them. One little old lady I met some time ago was in this way making a good living and paying for a home. She has a stock of stylish new ties to exchange for old ones, or she pays cash. She travels all over the country and in each town finds many people glad to sell or to exchange their old ties. These ties are ripped apart, steamed and scrubbed, and put together again. After being cleaned and pressed they look as good as new. These ties are sometimes sold to dealers in the smaller towns. This enterprising little woman also renovates ties for people who don't care to sell them.

MARGARET ALLEN.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

THE following titles show plans which have been outlined in previous numbers of the Magazine, and which may be of interest to our new readers.

September, 1901

A Private Librarian | Cleaning Women's Shoes

October

Training Little Housewives | Story Telling as a Profession

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November

Bachelor's Mending	The Passe-partout that Will Sell
Shopping Classes	
Polishing Silver and Brasses	

December

Business Luncheon Service	Grinding Scissors and Knives
Home Care of Pets	A Private Library

January, 1902

Mending China and Bric-a-brac	Company or Emergency Maid
A Maid Substitute	Observation Classes in Housekeeping
A Professional Packer	

February

Women as Guides	Magazine and Music Exchange
A Hotel "Assistant" Guest	

March

Entertainment and Care of Small Children	Professional Bathing
Palmistry	Apron Making
Small Livery	Amateur Photography
Preparing for Dressmakers	Reading to Convalescents
The Travelling Milliner	The Modern Basket Maker

April

Newspaper Collections	Sewing Class for Girls
Demonstrators	The Care of Lawns
A Dentist's Solicitor	Flies Made to Order
A Novel Shopping Plan	A Paradise Inn

May

Caretaker of Graves	Wild Flowers
Home Laundry	Work Wanted

June

An Amateur Baker	The Care of Plants
Profitable Gardening	Butter and Eggs
Entertainments for Children	A Woman Upholsterer
A Visiting Nurse	A Visiting Chiropodist
Baby Lingerie	Polishing Golf Irons

July

The Children's Club	Convalescent Children
Blue Cloth Photographs	An Innovator

August

Fudge-Making for a Living	The Oiling of Floors
Repairing Toys	Domestic Help
Shaker Cloaks	Selling Herb Seeds
A Bargain Counter	Whist Teaching
Sweet Herbs	Artistic Darning
Invalid Cookery	Baking Powder
A General Travelling Companion.	Fine Laundering

September

Emergency Menus	Funeral Directress
How the Old Home Was Saved	Soup Stock
	Stock Making

NATURAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILDREN.

THE stock in trade for this venture is a good photographic apparatus. The fitness for carrying it out depends on the clearness and artistic capabilities of the venturer. Station yourself in a public park or playground or a quiet street in a large city; select some passing child, take an instantaneous unposed photograph of her in some characteristic attitude, with natural happy expression. A few days later send a print of the photograph to the parents, calling attention to the natural pose, the individuality, the happy expression of the photograph. Accompany this with an offer to make a half-dozen or a dozen copies for a certain sum. A picture of the baby in his little carriage, the boy spinning a top, or flying a kite, the little girl leading her dog or playing in the snow, appeals immediately to the grown relatives of the children. In the park or in a small town the natural adjuncts of flowers, trees, etc., offer opportunities for pictures of striking beatuy. The first print may be a blue print or an unfixed photograph which will fade on exposure; but the woman who invented this scheme of money-making always sent a good clear print, believing it to be more alluring and showing more confidence in securing an order. She told me that scarcely two of every ten photographs were offered in vain. Her profits were astonishing, and the original order often led to many succeeding ones. Often the nurse-maid also wished her photograph taken; and in one household the operator had a profit of over thirty dollars from photographs of the house servants and twenty dollars more from their friends. Her work was not confined to parties of children in families of moderate means, but folks of great wealth bought the copies with much interest. The very poor preferred the photographic gallery with its stilted formalities, even at a higher price. One touching incident was her sending to a house a picture of a beloved little child who had died suddenly three days after the photograph had been taken. The gratification of the parents in this unexpected record of the last days of their lost child can well be imagined.

ALICE M. EARLE.

A CELLAR GARDEN.

MOST of the expedients women employ to earn a little money without leaving their homes are laborious and very poorly paid. Here is one which, although not new, offers good monetary results.

A lady in our city makes considerable pin-money by growing mushrooms in her cellar.

As mushrooms are essentially a Winter and Spring delicacy she begins operations in October, so as to have a crop ready before Christmas. Of course by having several boxes planted in succession the crop will continue until Spring. The chief difficulties in the way of mushroom culture are in not having the manure, which is mixed with the earth, sufficiently prepared; in having the boxes too wet, and in not removing the root of each mushroom when it is gathered. This later will prevent other mushrooms appearing. The mushroom grower must also be careful about the ground used, as that taken from damp places beneath trees, etc., may be already loaded with the spawn of a useless, or, worse still, poisonous variety.

Common soap-boxes with the fronts removed form a simple basis to start on. The earth should be about sixteen inches at the back and slope down to ten inches in front, as this allows more surface room.

The spawn (procurable at all seed stores) is broken into pieces about three inches by two inches, and planted about nine inches apart in every direction. After planting, the whole mass must be flattened down firmly and covered with earth two inches deep, which again must be flattened down, and then covered with a light litter of straw. If possible, the beds should never be watered, only the litter should be dampened.

When ready for the market, this enterprising woman sends them to a large fruit store in her neighborhood, where the merchant finds an easy sale for them.

This is an industry which takes almost no outlay and very little time, and there is a good market for the produce. In fact, I am told the supply rarely meets the demand, and the price frequently reaches one dollar a pound.

From a simple start of this kind, one citizen has enlarged his business until lately he has built special premises in the suburbs and now has a large trade. Of course the wise woman will commence with only one or two boxes until she learns by experience how to obtain the best results

ANNIE HUNTER.

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SARA ❧ MAYER ❧ MORHANGE

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WHAT IS WORN BY THE FRENCH SPORTSWOMAN.

SHOOTING SEASON AT THE FRENCH CHATEAUX.

NEPTUNE'S reign is over for the season, so far as the French elegante is concerned. As a matter of fact, Neptune has little to do even with the seashore Summer of the Parisian world. The hoary old fellow is merely a detail of stage setting, a super who enters and says: "My lady, the yacht waits." Whatever sovereignty he may have claimed at Trouville, Etretat, Dinard, he long ago made over to Venus Anadyomene.

The sands that have for months past bloomed in a riotous orgy of Parisan gowns and millinery, stretch away, yellow and lone, before deserted casinos and empty hotels.

The seashore season is ended.

The shooting season is on.

Venus Anadyomene has given way to Diana, goddess of the chase. Pagan Neptune has handed the gay world of fashion over to Christian St. Hubert, patron saint of French "venerie."

The saint is not ignored as was the god. Hunters and huntresses make much of him. The village curé calls down his blessings upon the hounds; and when St. Hubert's Day comes round, Monsieur le Marquis, owner of the great chateau and of the equipage (as the hunting establishment is called in France), Madame la Marquise, all the gay crowd of guests, gather in the chapel of the chateau or in the village church for solemn mass, before riding out to the chase.

It is a picturesque sight, that mass, and the blessing of the hounds. The ride to the meet is picturesque, too. The hunting guests at the chateau wear the colors of the owner of the equipage. The guests for the day, flocking to the meet, from neighboring chateaux are brave in the conventional hunting pink. Fair ladies who do not hunt, dash up in dog carts, pony phætons, drags, to chatter with the huntsmen and see the hunt draw away. The meet is a social function; and, like all French social functions, is brilliant, gay, theatrical.

There are still many "grandes equipages" throughout France, though the golden days of venerie are gone. All the chateaux belonging to folk prominent in French society are full of guests during the Autumn; and, if the host does not keep hounds, he has, perhaps, preserves for bird shooting, and he may be privileged to follow the hounds of the nearest Grand Seigneur.

Comparatively few Frenchwomen ride to hounds, but there are exceptions who could readily try issues with any of the English Dianas. The Duchesse d'Uzés has always been an enthusiastic sportswoman and past-mistress in hunting craft. Her equipage is one of the best known in France, and she fosters jealously all the old customs and traditions of venerie.

The Frenchwoman who goes out with the guns is almost as rare as the Frenchwoman who chases fox or deer; but, when it comes to wearing bewitching shooting costumes for "luncheon with guns," or dressing with a delicious audacity for the meet, or donning exquisite negligée for the tea hour, when gallant Nimrods may be expected to straggle in, tired, dirty, valiant, loquacious,—your true Parisienne leads the world.

After all, perhaps, she has chosen the better part.

A Frenchwoman, famous for her advanced ideas,—the "new woman" translated into French—went to Berlin last year. A conference of the emancipated was called to do her honor. She came into the audience-room exquisitely gowned, the most feminine of figures. She looked aghast upon the band of strong-minded German women gathered to hear her. Then, throwing her premeditated address upon suffrage aside, she plunged into an eloquent plea for the union of becoming dress and emancipated womanhood, and wound up with a glowing appeal to her sisters to remember always that they must dress to please the men.

There spoke the Frenchwoman, new or old; and the fair guests, at the chateaux house-parties, dress "to please the men."

Nimrod may enjoy having his adored one run neck and neck with him across field and forest glade, but he hasn't time for admiring her then. His thoughts are away with fox or deer. It's a different thing when he gets back to the chateau in the gathering twilight, and finds daintily gowned women waiting in the glow of fire and candle light, ready to pour tea for him, and to listen with rapt attention and many "Ohs" and "Ahs" while he fights the battle over again, and tells how he took this ditch or brought down that quarry.

THE HOUSE-PARTY WARDROBE.

The wardrobe for the house-party season is a thing apart from the Summer outfit. It lays tremendous emphasis on tea-gowns and coffee jackets. It must include what the English call "moor gowns" and the French name "costumes pour la chasse." There must be dinner gowns galore, for the dinner hour is the rally of the house-party and when one dines with the same people every night, one cannot repeat effects as during the ordinary Paris season, where scenes and dramatis personæ vary. Then the driving costume must be considered, and now, automobile costumes are a necessity. Oh, it isn't a small matter, that chateau outfit for the elegante.

FASHIONS IN FRENCH SHOOTING COSTUMES.

The French shooting costumes are, as a rule, much daintier and less serviceable than the English moor gowns, though that is not always true, and the most perfectly gowned Parisienne always has an eye to picturesque appropriateness.

Tweed, frieze, corduroy, cheviot, and such sturdy fabrics are the choice for shooting gowns and walking gowns, which may be made upon the same model, although the genuine shooting costume is a trifle shorter that the "trotting suit," and more liberally endowed with pockets. This Fall, nine out of ten such

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costumes have the plaited skirt, instead of the plain strapped and stitched skirt, though the latter, cut with a wide flare, is seen in many swagger costumes.

The skirt plaits may be either side plaits or box-plaits. They may run from belt to hem, being stitched down half way to the knees and smoothly fitted over the hips, or, preferably, adjusted to a plain, smoothly-fitting hip yoke. This hip yoke is a popular feature on most of the new French walking skirts, but must be carefully handled to achieve success. Sometimes it extends all around the skirt. Again it is in front and sides, but disappears under stitched box-plaits in the back; and, occasionally, it fits smoothly across back and hips, but gives way to a broad shallow box-plait reaching from hem to belt in the front.

These skirts just clear the floor. Dressier cloth gowns touch all round, with merely enough dip in the back to give a sweep, and evening gowns are trained.

Plain cloth trims a majority of the rough tweeds and friezes, and will be used on many of the woolly goods which are so prominent this Fall.

Innumerable wool fabrics with camel hair or angora effects are being shown and are distinctly in the lead. A white hank or fleck is in most of the dark rough goods, and there are attractive camel's hairs with a white dot. The dot holds its own in all fabrics, being seen in many of the smooth light-weight materials, in cloth and in velvet, as well as in the rougher weaves.

The very coarse, heavy canvas weaves share favor with the woolly effects,and for more elaborate costumes, plain cloth is, as always, a favorite. Velvet gains vogue steadily and new ideas in metallic, jacquard and other fancy velvets are multiplying, but miroir velvet seems to be first favorite, having ousted panne from the place.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIMMINGS.

When one comes to the subject of trimmings, description is hopeless. Never was there such a show of trimming. Lace is still popular, but this is to be a passementerie season, and such passementeries! Jet and pailletes are a mania, and are fashioned into raised flower designs, gorgeous beyond telling. They are combined with black chenille into wonderful tassels, pendants, garnitures, fringes. The tassel, the pendant are, by the way, the last cry of la mode. If one has no pendant ornaments on a gown, one cannot, sartorially speaking, be saved this year. Not only in black are pailletes used. They are more popular than ever and appear in many new shades, following fashion's color-whims. An almost transparent paillete is grouped into pendant balls, tassels, ornaments that gleam and glitter brilliantly upon light colors and delicate fabrics. Steel is renewing its popularity, especially in the shape of handsome large steel point buttons. Pearls are eminently in order and are fashioned into most exquisite trimmings of all the new forms. Silver is especially liked upon white. Chenille is conspicuously to the front, either alone or, particularly in black, combined with all sorts and varieties of trimmings. Some of the greatest French dressmakers are introducing deep fringes of knotted chenille, and one superb imported robe shows a skirt made entirely of such fringe. Metal and jet and silk fringes are also being tentatively put forward, but only the most autocratic makers have, so far, dared to come out thoroughly in their favor.

Servian and Bulgarian embroideries, passementeries and pendant ornaments of somewhat barbaric beauty are much in evidence, and will undoubtedly be features of many of the most chic Fall and Winter wool costumes. Blue and green combinations appear, over and over again, in trimmings, and a strange fad utilizes real beetles in trimmings and buttons. Their gorgeous blue and green coloring harmonizes perfectly with the color scheme of many of the new costumes.

Apropos, we may note in passing, a striking blue and green gown among the imported models. It illustrates the growing taste for dark chiffon, and is made of deep blue chiffon made up over green taffetas with an interveiling of green chiffon, and is trimmed with wreaths of gleaming passementerie into which the beetles are introduced.

BRAIDS AND BUTTONS.

Returning to our moutons — or trimmings—braids are ubiquitous and in almost every instance are of the shining vegetable silk. They come in all sorts and conditions of color and design, and no one can go wrong in choosing silk braid for trimming a woollen gown. These braids are often combined with embroidery or velvet or jewels, jet or metal beads. Particularly is the black or black and white braid applied on the inevitable orange which dominates Fall color schemes. Dark blue cloth trimmed with black or black and white braid, laid over folds of orange cloth or velvet, is an oft repeated idea among the French models.

Buttons are a vital costume detail and are offered in great beauty. Simili (rhinestone), pearl, steel, wrought metal are all called into button service, and crocheted buttons of silk fibre are fancied with the silk braids.

THE NEW HATS.

In the field of millinery, there is much that is odd. Rough effects prevail—angora and camel's hair felts, felt braided with angora or chenille-panne velvet, plush. Whole hats are made of coque feathers, of peacock feathers, of fur, trimmed with soft breasts, or in the marabout which is far from beautiful but is eminently the mode. The most popular dress hat is black, and long plumes drooping in the back are the trimmings of the most elegant hats; but birds, breasts, coque and marabout feathers, silk pompons all find favor. All the shades of mode are popular and the blues and greens are omnipresent while orange, as a mere color note, runs riot everywhere. It combines particularly well with the modes and browns, the dark blues and greens, and the whites, and, almost always, touches of black and white are introduced with it wherever it is used. The French hats show many draped veils of lace dyed to match the color scheme of hat and costume.

The gowns and cloaks—but there is no time or space left for talk of gowns and cloaks here. They must wait, and we can describe only the two models illustrated. Both were designed for the chateau season.

One, from Sara Mayer and Morhauge, is fashioned of accordion-plaited black tulle over plaited mousseline de soie in pale blue. The cravat and plaited front are of the blue and black velvet, silver and guipure appliqué, and tiny embroidered motifs form the trimming.

The Doucet model is more simple. It shows a costume of blue serge, with cuffs and revers in Japanese embroidery, and cravat tassels and girdle of black satin.

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DOUCET

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